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JANUARY, 1900.
VOL. XVIII.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

Western
Life,
Literature
and
Industry.

.. IN THIS ISSUE: ..

Reclamation of Western
Arid Lands.

The New German-Russian
Co-operative Association
at Sarona, Wisconsin.

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PUBLISHING CO.,
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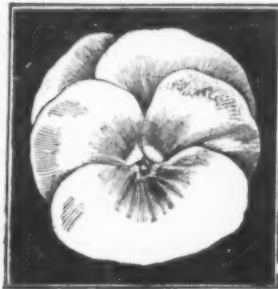


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VOL. XVIII.—No. I.

ST. PAUL, JANUARY, 1900.

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RECLAMATION OF WESTERN ARID LANDS.

By Guy E. Mitchell, Secretary National Irrigation Association.

The eighth annual session of the National Irrigation Congress recently held in Missoula, Montana, directs attention to the problem of the reclamation of the great body of Western arid lands through the storage and utilization of Western water supplies. According to the official estimates of Frederick H. Newell, the hydrographer of the U. S. Geological Survey, there are 71,000,000 acres of arid lands which could be irrigated and reclaimed by the waters which now annually run to waste. This would necessitate the building of large storage works, as many of the Western streams, whose aggregate flow throughout the year is large, are at times only dry beds, thus affording no constant supply of water to the irrigator from the stream itself.

The work which the Geological Survey has been doing for years past shows very clearly the condition of the West as related to irrigation. A study of the measurements of the flow of rivers during all the months of the year shows great inequality even in some of the largest and most constant streams. In the time of spring and early summer floods, resulting from rains or melting snows on the mountains, the Western streams multiply their capacity enormously. Many of them, also, are subject to very sudden rises and as rapid falls. The great Arkansas River, which flows through Colorado and Kansas, is an example of a river which in the dry season is either a small stream or a dry bed, useless to the Kansas irrigator, yet which in time of flood reaches a flow of an incredible number of cubic feet per second. To make rivers of this kind valuable for irrigation, a storage of these flood-waters must be resorted to.

Mr. Newell has prepared charts showing graphically the results of his measurements of rivers. They present clearly to the eye the ups and downs of these streams. Many of them are valuable for irrigation only as their waters can be controlled and allowed to flow a sufficient volume during the natural low-water period, as well as in times of high water.

□ The unstable supply of Western riv-

ers for irrigation was early recognized, and it was seen that the storage of the floods at the headwaters of the rivers, in great catchment basins, was the solution of the problem. Private capital took hold eagerly, building dams across canyons, and holding back large bodies of water during the season of rains, to be let out to water the fertile fields below when needed. These private enterprises, however, have not proven so successful as was expected. They have benefited the communities, but they have not proven paying investments for the water companies.

The usual method has been for the company to acquire the land to be irrigated and to sell this land to settlers, and also, in addition to this, to sell a water-right for water sufficient to irrigate the land. In many cases more water has been sold or contracted for than could be supplied, leading to failure of crops, and to endless controversies and suits. Also the large cost of building great reservoirs and irrigation ditches has required the irrigation companies

to place so high a price upon their lands, in order to receive a quick profit, that the land has not, in many cases, been fully taken up. The lack of profit to the companies has also caused neglect of the irrigation works, and therefore failure of water supply and loss of crops, causing discouragement among the farmers and in many cases abandonment; so that the result is that there is today much irrigable land, with water privilege, which is vacant and unused.

All in all, it has been clearly demonstrated that the building of great storage reservoirs and irrigation works through private enterprise is not profitable and will not be, to any great extent, further undertaken. The works required are too vast, and the beneficial results too widely scattered. The question then presents itself, who shall build these reservoirs? Liberal-minded men of the West are now almost a unit in declaring that it is the function and duty of the National Government to undertake this work as a part of the internal improvement of the country. The nation can do what the individual cannot afford, because it is a large gainer from the indirect return which comes from the increase of taxable and productive wealth which every acre of land reclaimed secures, in which private investment



IRRIGATED VINEYARD IN ARKANSAS VALLEY, COLORADO.



BARTLETT PEARS UNDER IRRIGATION IN THE SUNNYSIDE COUNTRY, WASH.

has no share and can have very little concern.

The entire plan has been gradually evolved through a series of years by the National Irrigation Congress, and is in brief as follows:

That where the Government owns the land, it should, wherever it is necessary, build the irrigation works to reclaim it, and sell the land and water together to actual settlers only in small tracts, for the cost of construction of irrigation systems added to the Government price of the land. The cost of storage reservoirs should not be put on the land. All storage reservoirs should be built as internal improvements and be permanently maintained by the Government as an absolute assurance of safety to communities on the land below them. In no other way can the inherent fear of settlement under reservoir systems be overcome.

In addition to this plan for the reclamation of the arid lands, the National Irrigation Congress, which may be fairly said to represent the general sentiment of the West, has for the past two years urged upon the Congress of the United States the propriety of appropriations under the River and Harbor Bill to give to the West a fair share of the expenditures under this bill for reservoir construction as recommended in the "Report of Capt. Hiram M. Chittenden on Reservoirs."

The proposition that the National Government should render aid to the West for irrigation development has been exploited from various sources for many years, but efforts in this direction have been blocked by Western men themselves. This is accounted for in this way: Some years ago, when the storage reservoir question was first prominent, it was thought that a great field was open for speculation; and private capital, believing it could see opportunities for investing at large profits, felt averse to the Government's discovering and setting aside reservoir sites, or building reservoirs. Now that it is found that this sort of investment offers no inducement to private capital, and, in fact, that such enterprises cannot be profitably conducted through private means, this objection to the Government's taking up such work is removed.

While for a great many years there has been talk of urging upon Congress the necessity and importance for its action on this matter, there has been but little serious or concerted effort made. The failure of the Government thus far to appropriate money for reservoir construction has led some men to assert that it is useless to make any further effort to induce

Congress to render this desired assistance; but this is certainly a very superficial view of the situation. The records of Congress show that, until the last two years, almost nothing has been attempted in the way of introduction of bills, urging the matter before committees, or any other direct work done to accomplish the construction of storage reservoirs, for the simple reason, as already stated, that any such attempted work has always been blocked by Western men; and Eastern men have claimed, with good reason, that they would do nothing in the matter so long as the West was divided. The claims which are now made by some few men, that because Congress has not during the past twenty years favorably considered the proposition, and has not appropriated anything

for the building of storage reservoirs, that therefore the West should give up a useless campaign and combine on a policy which will assist the States to do their own irrigating, must be considered without foundation, or based on ignorance of the facts.

Although the policy of national aid in the building of storage reservoirs has not yet been actually established, yet considerably more than a beginning has been accomplished, and more preliminary work is today being done along these lines under acts of Congress than may be generally known. The last Agricultural Bill carried \$35,000 for irrigation investigations, and appropriations have been regularly made by Congress for such work since 1890. The Department of Agriculture is now doing active work under this appropriation. "There is need," says Professor Mead, who is carrying on this work in the field, "for a systematic investigation to determine the volume of water used in the growth of crops, both to ascertain the requirements of different crops and of different climates, and to determine the relation between the variations in the demands of crops and the fluctuations in the flow of streams. This information is needed as a basis for the proper diversion of streams by administrative officers. It is needed by canal-builders in order to properly design these structures, and it is needed by farmers to promote the saving of water and thus limit losses through an inadequate supply, or to extend the acreage which can be cultivated.

"Measurements should be made to show the utility of storage reservoirs and the part they can be made to perform in both saving the crops of farmers now along streams, and making it possible for others to settle there. Without a definite knowledge of the variations which exist between the use of water in different months of the irrigation season and the fluctuation in the discharge of a stream, we can only conjecture as to the amount of flood-water



AN IRRIGATED FOUR-YEAR-OLD APPLE-TREE NEAR DELTA, DELTA COUNTY, COL.

that will be available for storage purposes."

It will be no small task, according to Mr. Mead, to put into shape a correct and intelligible guide which may be relied upon as an authoritative summary of the data on which the development of the irrigation system of the great West should be founded.

It may be more generally known, that for

along the slopes of the Rocky Mountains."

In the face of this and other equally as vigorous expressions from Western Senators, the Senate adopted, as stated, the report of its committee. It is true that the fight was lost in the House, but lost under such circumstances as to create not only hope but sentiments of enthusiasm and certainty, in the breasts of

this would have likewise defeated the Naval Appropriation Bill, and would have necessitated an extra session of Congress.

"I will say," Senator Warren said in speaking of the contest, "that if the fight is prosecuted in the future as it has been in this Congress, the West will receive its recognition. Our section lacks representation in the House, and it may be difficult to create any direct interest in irrigation matters; but I see daylight ahead in the Senate. The House has, however, learned its lesson in this session—that the Senate is going to fight for this appropriation in the future."

A feature of national irrigation which should not be lost sight of, is flood protection and improvement to navigation. The national Government has expended over \$300,000,000 for internal improvements. Millions are being expended for protection against floods, and to raise the water at low stages for navigation on the Missouri and the Mississippi. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, the Government expended \$1,075,000 for levees on the Mississippi, and for 1900 allotments amounting to \$1,250,000 have been made.

Under the River and Harbor Bill of 1896, through the efforts of Senator Warren of Wyoming, an appropriation was made for the special survey of reservoir sites in Colorado and Wyoming, and for a report on the desirability and feasibility of their construction. Col. Hiram M. Chittenden, of the United States Engineer Corps, was detailed by the War Department to make the surveys, and in his report he conclusively demonstrates the vast national benefit which would result from the adoption of a policy under which one-seventh of the total amount of each river and harbor bill should be set apart to build a comprehensive system of storage reservoirs throughout the West.

The final conclusions of his report are as follows:

years Congress has been regularly appropriating sums of money for the survey and reservation of reservoir sites; but what is this for, if not looking forward to the time when the Government shall complete this work and build the reservoirs? When the question of reservoir sites for irrigation purposes was being first generally agitated, Congress passed a law authorizing the Government to reserve from settlement sites suitable for reservoir purposes, and something over 200 of these basins, with a vast aggregate water capacity, have been set aside. Any one, too, who followed the action of Congress last winter on the irrigation question, must concede that considerable real progress was made toward the adoption by the Government of a national irrigation policy.

In the Senate an interesting and animated debate occurred on the question as to whether Senator Warren's amendment appropriating \$215,000 for building reservoirs in Wyoming, and \$50,000 additional to survey new reservoir sites in every arid and semi-arid State, should be embodied in the River and Harbor Bill. Opposition was encountered from the East, but the Senate voted to adopt the report by a very large majority. The amendment was not jockeyed and railroaded through the Senate; it was not slipped past.

"Let it be distinctly understood," spoke out Senator Carter of Montana, "that this is the entering wedge; that this is the beginning of a new policy—a policy that will result in staying the tide of destruction in the Lower Mississippi in the season of floods, and will incidentally, and without additional cost to the Government, create thousands upon thousands of fertile fields, and cause other thousands of happy homes to be built in places that are now wastes

those who are working for a national irrigation policy, that their day of triumph is at hand. This appropriation inserted by the Senate in the River and Harbor Bill for the construction of storage reservoirs in Wyoming, etc., was forced out, in Conference Committee, by the House. The West, however, showed its strength on the floor of the Senate when the bill came up for reconsideration from the Conference Committee. Senators Warren and Carter took the burden of the contest, and spoke for hours. They held the fate of the River and Harbor Bill within their hands.

"Of the thirty-odd million dollars," said Senator Carter, "to be carried from the Treasury through this bill, the great empire extending



A FIELD OF WHEAT IN AN IRRIGATED VALLEY ALONG THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILWAY.



HOW ALFALFA GROWS UNDER IRRIGATION IN COLORADO, IDAHO, OREGON, AND WASHINGTON.

from Canada to Mexico and from the Missouri to the Sierra Nevada Mountains is here like a pauper seeking a pittance to prosecute surveys and begin the construction of the proposed system of storage reservoirs, and this conference report strikes out this pittance embraced in this Senate amendment." Had the Western Senators continued speaking on this subject, dear to their hearts, they could easily have defeated the entire River and Harbor Bill, but

"First. A comprehensive reservoir system in the arid regions of the United States is absolutely essential to the welfare of this portion of the national domain.

"Second. It is not possible to secure the best development of such a system except through the agency of the General Government."

The experience of irrigated sections has been that where the waters are taken out of the streams and carried through a system of irri-

gating canals, the soil, after a period of years, becomes permanently saturated with water, and a very large proportion of the water so used finds its way back into the natural stream-channels. The result of this condition would be that the enormous quantities of water stored in winter under the proposed policy would flow back into the streams after being used for irrigation, thus raising the water for navigation at the time most needed for that purpose. This storage of water would, in fact, in addition to furnishing irrigation, act as a river regulator, preventing floods in winter and low water in summer. According to the Government reports, the great flood of the Missouri of 1881 could have been controlled by a storage-reservoir capacity fifty-six square miles in area and thirty-one feet deep. The Chittendon reservoirs, as surveyed in but two States, provide for forty-seven square miles thirty-one feet deep, at an estimated cost of \$2,500,000.

A theory of the opponents of storage reservoirs is that it is quite proper that the Government should build expensive ripraps and levees for floods to destroy from time to time, in addition to laying waste vast areas of the country, but that it is wholly wrong to build reservoirs to restrain these floods and thereby remove the cause which necessitates the construction of such ripraps and levees. As Colonel Chittendon says in his report, methods of river improvement have been palliative measures, such as levees, ripraps and brush-walls built along the rivers in an effort to restrain floods. This course has been adopted by the Government, instead of going to the root of the difficulty and removing the cause of the evil by reservoiring the flood-waters on the headwaters of the stream, and then releasing the waters as needed during the lower stages of the river. Colonel Chittendon estimates \$2,500,000 as the amount necessary to build the system of reservoirs that he surveyed. One great Missouri flood certainly will do more damage than this—destroying banks, silting up the navigable channel, filling it with snags, and working great damage by the overflow on adjacent territory.

The question of the reclamation of the arid lands of the West is assuredly one of the broadest and most national which the people of the United States are called upon to consider. The official figures of the Geological Survey shows 71,500,000 acres of unreserved public land in the so-called arid States, for which a water supply for irrigation is available. These lands, whose fertility has never been washed from them, are, under irrigation, enormously productive; but the idea that 71,000,000 acres or even 100,000,000 acres, as is claimed by some experts, should be opened to profitable cultivation, creates an antagonism in the minds of many Eastern men, who see at the best only local benefits to the Western States, and even an injury to Eastern farmers through this opening of more Western land whose products will compete with their own.

Would the development of the West, through gradually throwing open this large



IRRIGATION IN A PLUM ORCHARD IN THE SUNNYSIDE COUNTRY, CENTRAL WASHINGTON.

irrigable area to dense farming population be of only local benefit, or would it not reflexly benefit the entire country? The products which will be largely grown on the irrigated lands of the West would not, it can be confidently stated, compete with those raised on the cheaper farm-lands of the East. Moreover, the West would largely consume her own productions, and what she raised for export, above her own demands, would go to the markets of the Orient, rather than endure the heavy freight-rates necessary to put them into competition with Eastern products. At present the West does not begin to produce her own requirements; California, as an instance, imports butter and eggs from Kansas. But with the develop-



A LIMB OF FRUIT GROWN ON IRRIGATED LAND ALONG THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE SYSTEM.

ment of the West through agriculture, there would be a vast demand upon the East for all those necessities and luxuries of life which the West does not, but which the East does, produce.

The development of the Western mines show how the entire country benefits through the advancement of any particular section. Western mines are adding annually millions upon millions to the national wealth. This does not stay in the locality where it was mined. It is broadcasted over the entire country. But the development of mineral wealth in the majority of cases is seriously retarded and sometimes absolutely cut off by the high cost of living and lack of transportation facilities in the more remote mining regions. There are enormous deposits of wonderful mineral wealth which will some day be developed when these two problems, transportation and cost of living, are satisfactorily solved. If a dense agricultural population were built up in these mining regions, the stability of such a development would guarantee transportation construction, and irrigated farms would furnish cheap food for the men who dig in the mines, and cheap forage for the mules which haul the ore. With the West developed under these conditions, an immense market would be opened for Eastern manufacturers, and increased activity in Eastern factories would mean an increased demand upon Eastern farmers to supply the daily food demand of the operatives employed in those factories.

A subject allied closely to, and one which may even be considered a part of, the irrigation problem is the disposition which shall be made of the public area known as the grazing-lands. There are, within the limits of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and the new island possessions, about 573,000,000 acres of vacant Government land, besides 145,000,000 acres of reservations of various sorts. Even with all the land possible under irrigation, there would still be a vast body of remaining public land, much of which, though semi-arid, is valuable for grazing purposes. The great grazing interests of the West have grown up on free Government land, and so long as there was plenty of land for all, no difficulties were experienced; but a glance over the columns of Western newspapers will quickly convince the reader that the Western range problem, as it is called, is becoming a serious matter. Not only is the present acreage of the Western range unequal to the demands of the cattlemen and sheepmen, but, owing to the fact that many of the areas are constantly overgrazed, the productive capacity per acre, in many sections, have been largely diminished. The frequent press dispatches from Western points describing controversies and fights, resulting sometimes in the wanton destruction of entire flocks, and sometimes in the loss of human life, as the result of the bitter war being waged between cattle and sheep-men for the control of public grazing-land, are ominous warnings that the range question has reached a critical stage, and that some decisive action is necessary.

A policy which would seem to be a satisfactory solution of this problem, and which is being urged by a number of prominent men familiar with and interested in the subject, is a system of leasing these public lands, which are now only an expense to the Government and to the States, and a cause of continual controversy and retardment to settlement and industry. It is probable that Congress will be strongly urged this winter to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to adopt some plan for leasing this class of lands. The policy advocated by several of the officials of the Agricultural Department, by Elwood Mead, the irrigation expert of the Department, formerly state engineer of Wyoming; and, I believe, by Secretary Wilson himself, consists simply in allowing each State to lease its public grazing-lands at a nominal figure, and apply the rental to State improvements, such as building of irrigation works, etc., the title to the land, however, to remain in the Federal Government until actual settlement of the land. This policy has received favorable indorsement by various Western commercial bodies and organizations, such as the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, the American Forestry Association, the recent National Irrigation Congress, etc. Such leasing is not a new and untried theory, and the claim that range men would be unwilling to pay for the use of land where now they get it for nothing, is not founded upon experience. The several great trunk-line railroads which own tracts of Western grazing-lands have adopted the method with marked success and satisfaction both to themselves and to the stockmen renting them. The State of Montana has within the past two years instituted the policy of leasing its school-land to stockmen, and the last year's revenues from this source amounted to about \$200,000, stockmen readily paying twelve and one half cents an acre per annum for the exclusive use of land, even with tracts of free Government land lying immediately adjacent. Under a lease of five or ten years, considerable improvement in the way of fencing, well-boring, and reservoiring, and even in the improvement of forage production, is possible, all of which is out of the question on the free range. While it is probable that the rental charged by the National Government would not be so great as that exacted by Montana, even at as small rental as three or five cents per acre, the total revenue from these at present unprofitable lands would be very great, running well up into the millions, and each State would have a comfortable income, after the cost of administration, for the development of irrigation resources.

The claim has been advanced, that as the Government has not built storage reservoirs, it should cede this public land to the States and allow them to build their own reservoirs. The sentiment of the East has always been opposed to State cession. The people of the East have regarded these lands as the heritage of the whole people, and have considered that the Government has no right to donate them to the States. The history of State grants—swamp-lands, school-lands, etc.—does not tend to show that it is safe to trust grants of lands to State Legislatures. Such a course has resulted largely in the lands passing into private ownership in immense tracts, creating land monopolies as detrimental to development as the old Mexican grant system. The leasing of these lands, however, the revenue to go to the States, would satisfy the plea of those States the settled area of which comprises but a small percentage of the whole. Upon this small percentage, though, is imposed the burden of the policing of the entire domain. In Montana, for instance, ninety-five per cent of the State is not taxable.

THANKSGIVING AMONG THE MINERS.

The old miner generally goes to the post-office once a week—Saturday evening, says the Butte (Mont.) *Western Mining World*. He has considerable to attend to at that time. He has cleaned up and must sell his gold-dust. He must look over his "grub-pile," and see how it stands for the next week's draft. He must get some tobacco, possibly, replenish the little brown jug, order a few groceries, and, above all, get his mail and a weekly paper or two to keep him abreast of the world's news. For your old-time miner is a newspaper and magazine reader. He goes home, puts his purchases away, all in order, and then looks over his mail. Of course, letters first command attention; and if one of them is from "the girl he left behind him," it takes a good deal of attention. Then come the papers. These are first glanced over, for tomorrow is Sunday, the miner's reading, writing, and resting-day.

But here is some news. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving day, he reads. "Pity it didn't occur to me while in town. I might have got something there that would have tasted like home; maybe a chicken, or some self-rising flour for doughnuts, or something as good of jelly or preserves, or canned meat of some kind,—turkey is out of the question,—but I could have found something better than bacon and beans and slapjacks to 'Thanksgive on.' But no matter; I'll get Jim over here, and with what I have got and what I will have when the grocery delivery-wagon comes, we can make out pretty well. I'll have Jim tomorrow. He'll do. I'll sign for him with the mule's blanket. He will understand." And so, thinking of Thanksgiving, and home and mother, and turkey and cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pies and Sally,—sweet-faced Sally,—Tom turned in and slept the sleep of the righteous till Thanksgiving morn.

It was a glorious morning, bidding the entrance of a glorious day. And it was a glorious day, too. Jim came—great, big-headed, big-hearted Jim, with smiles chasing each other all over his sun-tanned, weather-beaten face, a kind greeting upon his lips, and a comrade's love beaming in his big, blue, honest eyes.

"It's a glorious day, Jim," Tom said, "and how well I remember the last one I passed at home! But no matter, Jim; my Sally was with us, and I won't tell what she said or what she promised me. If I have luck, Jim, I'll save enough to pass our next Thanksgiving at home, and then won't I be thankful, for Sally is a faithful girl. But the groceryman came just a spell ago, and now let's see and sample what he brought.

"Well, here is a ham, and some coffee and sugar, and 'self-risin,' and potatoes, and the tobacco, and my little jug, and some eggs; and here's something done up tight and snug, with 'Compliments of Brown the grocer' written all over it. What can it be? Let's take a drink, Jim, before we untie the thing."

Jim concurred, the drink was taken, the string cut, and out rolled as plump and as fat a suckling porker as could be found in fifty miles of Mad Canyon. It was a beauty, and Tom proposed another drink to be taken in memory of his pigship. The two stalwart, hardy miners smacked their lips in anticipation of the treat before them, and set about to cook their dinner.

Tom and Jim enjoyed the toothsome suckling in looking at it and talking over the reminiscences it brought floating before their eyes, and many were the happy thoughts that were born from their brains before it was fitted snugly in the "Dutch oven" to roast.

"Come in," said Tom, in answer to a timid knock upon the cabin door; "the latch-string of this mansion is never pulled in on Thanksgiving day. Come in!" And in response to the bidding the door opened and in walked a little, sweet-faced, trembling girl, bearing the weight of scarcely ten summers on her down-cast features.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jim; "what does this mean? Where did you come from?"

The story was soon told. Father and mother just came across the plains. Father had been very sick; he was still an invalid. Mother had driven the team this far in the mountains. She had done all this, and taken care of father and brother Johnnie and I. She hurt one of her hands a while ago, and we are camped a little below here, and she sent me up to buy a bit of bread for our dinner, if you will sell it to us. Mother can't use her hand. Please sell some to us.

"Holy smoke!" blurted out Tom; "not a dime of your money will I take. You shall have what you wish—bread, potatoes, sugar, coffee, pig, and all. Here's where our Thanksgiving comes in—hey, Jim? We can fall back on bacon and beans. There is just enough porker for the four of them. God bless you, little one, you shall have a good Thanksgiving dinner. Keep the tears out of your eyes, dear soul! We have sisters and brothers, and a father and a mother.

We pray they may be well and sound, but whether they are or not, it can never be said that Tom and Jim kept a morsel to themselves that could add to the comfort and happiness of a father and mother and little ones who endured the hardships of plains' life to seek a home in California, God's green earth; and," added Tom, "we will take the things down to your wagon for you."

And that was the happiest Thanksgiving dinner Tom and Jim ever had. They made a family of four supremely happy, cheered the heart of an invalid father, lightened the burden of a loving, hard-working mother, overjoyed two little children, and made themselves as happy as lords. They soon after struck it rich, and passed their next Thanksgiving with the "old folks at home," where Sally was not forgotten.

A GIANT ORE INDUSTRY.

The New York *Commercial* says of the enormous development of the ore industry of the mineral ranges of Minnesota:

"This industry has grown to such dimensions that 100,000 tons are now being shipped daily down the lakes, making traffic for the season about 16,000,000 tons. Assuming this ore to carry the average of iron, and that each ton will make half a ton of pig metal, it will be seen that the Minnesota ranges are good for an output of 8,000,000 tons of iron the current year.

"As the whole pig production of the United States for 1898 was but 11,773,604 tons, it will be seen that the Lake Superior region alone will, in 1899, make an amount equal to over 67 per cent of the entire output of the country only a twelve-month back, and equal to the total capacity of the 145 furnaces in blast in the Union on July 1, 1897.

"This is a phenomenal record of material development, even for this age and for this country. Perhaps the most striking circumstances in the entire range of allied facts is that it should proceed almost unnoticed, or be accepted quite as a matter of course, by the general public. Yet only ten years ago the man who would have predicted it would have been taken as a dreamer or an enthusiast."



A Notice to Lovers.

Not long ago we gave our readers a sample of Butte, Mont., matrimonial inducements, as offered by a justice of the peace there, but the following from the *Gebo Sentinel*, of the same State, looks as if Justice Hunt of that town had seen Butte and gone it one better. Here is his offer:

"Notice to Lovers—Lovers, take notice: On and after this date I will present an elegant chromo, a parlor lamp, or a glass water-set to all bridal couples married by me. All marrying done in the most artistic way, either in private or in public. Runaway couples married at any hour of the day or night, and pursuers thrown off the scent. Reduced rates to those I have married before. A red lantern hangs in front of my door on Washington Street all night. No dog kept. Night-bell directly under the lantern."

Seattle's Dude Chinaman.

Jimmy Goon Gan, Chinatown's best-known character, has social aspirations. He blossomed out one recent afternoon in a satin-lined, navy-blue suit of clothes with box seams. Chinatown was amazed, and for once the pipes were shelled to give place to gossip. It is expected in select Chinese circles that Jimmy and his pretty little wife will next hire a hack with rubber tires, and drive out over Grant Street bridge. They think that anything is possible since Jimmy became a howling swell.

The king of the Chinese dudes floated into the prosecuting attorney's office one afternoon, decked out in his paraphernalia, and lined up for inspection.

Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Fulton pointed out to Jimmy that while his new suit of clothes was a thing of wonder and a decided success, it was not in accordance with the laws of society to wear a slouch hat that had seen numerous hard seasons. The idea was new to Jimmy, but struck him with such telling force that he consented to extend his wardrobe.

"By the way," said Mr. Fulton, "that old woolen shirt does not match your satin lining. You must get a 'biled' shirt."

Jimmy looked at Mr. Fulton in sorrowful surprise, and, as he slowly retreated, said he drew the line at stiff-bosomed shirts and high collars. Jimmy's reign as a dude promises to be short.—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

Past History Against Him.

A prominent young attorney of Tacoma, who stands high in social circles, is telling a good story on himself, states the Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger*. His wife is out of the city, and he is keeping bachelor hall with a Jap servant, who, before he entered the employ of the legal light, was a servant in the house of a well-known lumberman of the city.

He says he went home one night last week about 11:30, and makes it a point to insist that he was legally and duly sober. There have been nights, he admits, when this was not the case, but in order to make the story good, it is absolutely necessary for the young man to be

sober on this particular night. He let himself in with a latch-key, and in reaching to turn on the electric light, his sleeve brushed off a delicate piece of bric-a-brac, which fell to the floor with a crash.

He was mad at the mishap, and, wondering what his wife would say to him on her return, went into the bath-room. In reaching over to turn on the water, he knocked a big water-pitcher off the stand, and the crash it made in falling on the tile floor startled him so that he jumped back and bumped into the wash-bowl, and it, too, went to the floor.

Stunned by his run of misfortunes, and afraid to move for fear he would break something else, the young attorney stood in the bath-room in a half-dazed condition, until he heard the pit-a-pat of slippers coming his way. His Jap servant walked straight up to him, took him by the arm, and said: "Clome on, me plut you to bed."

"But I don't want to go to bed. I can go to bed when I am ready. What is the matter with you, you Celestial heathen?"

"That's all lite; me plut you to bed." And he kept tugging away, the lawyer insisting that he was not ready to retire, and the Jap answering "that's all lite," until the young man, concluding there must be something the matter with him, submitted to be undressed and tucked into bed.

The next morning the lawyer went down to breakfast feeling particularly well, found his plate surrounded with little delicacies to tempt a weak appetite, and proceeded to fall to and eat a hot-carrier's breakfast. The Jap watched him with his almond-shaped eyes sticking out in astonishment, and finally began to grin.

"What are you grinning at, you copper-colored imp of the Flowery Kingdom? You must think I was drunk last night. Well, I was not."

"That's all lite; that's what Mr. Smlith say," returned the servant, using the name of his former employer.

"But I wasn't drunk. It was simply by accident those things were broken."

"That's all lite; that's what Mr. Smlith say."

And now the young attorney is wondering whether he was entirely sober when he went home. He has been unable to convince the Jap, and is beginning to waver a little himself.

Geese Lost in a Storm.

"Did you get a goose?" That was the question heard on all sides recently, as business men passed each other on their way to store or office, says the Baker City (Ore.) *Republican*. The small boys of sporting proclivities were almost wild, and at an early hour started out for game more attractive than school-books. The occasion of all the commotion was the visit to Baker City of a large flock of wild geese and brant.

About 7 o'clock Wednesday evening a light rain fell, which was soon followed by a heavy, wet snow lasting till midnight. The weather had turned cold the first of the week, and flocks of geese began coming from the far north to Malheur Lake, Harney County, which was soon covered with millions of birds. Just before 8 o'clock Wednesday evening the loud croaking of thousands of these birds was heard above the city. Much to the surprise of the hundreds of people on the streets, the flocks seemed to remain stationary, and the birds were evidently in distress, as they appeared to be circling round and round. The storm continued to increase, and there soon occurred one of the strangest-phenomena ever witnessed in Oregon, and seen but a few times anywhere in the United States.

It was evident that the geese had become lost in the storm while searching for their

feeding-ground, and, attracted by the lights of the brilliantly illuminated city, were unable to get away from them, as a bluebird is fascinated by a rattlesnake. Their wings soon packed with the heavy snow, and, exhausted beyond endurance, they commenced dropping from the clouds into the streets, the noise of their squawking being almost deafening. Then commenced a wild scramble; men and boys joined in the sport. Geese or brant were picked up on every side alive, and it was noticed that among the game birds were all kinds of birds known to Oregon, which had got mixed up with the geese. Boys went out on the hills and built bonfires which attracted some of the birds to them, and they secured a dozen or more this way. Others took their shotguns and killed a large number. Early the next morning hunting-parties went out, as geese were still flying. One large flock, in the shape of a triple wedge with the points interlaced, was observed about daybreak, and was much admired.

Half a dozen of the live birds captured are on exhibition in Levinger's window. They seem quite tame in their captivity. It is probable that hundreds of geese were captured in Baker City, an event that will long be remembered by those who witnessed the wildly interesting wild scenes.

After Weary Days of Waiting.

A Deadwood, S. D., correspondent writes that in the early eighties a middle-aged man left Omaha to seek his fortunes in the Black Hills. He was penniless and barefooted. He had made a failure of city life, and turned his face Westward. His journey was a long and hard one. Fortunately it was made in the warm days of summer. Often he went a day or two at a time without food.

After many weary days a faint, blue streak of low-lying hills hove in sight, distant yet, but the sight of them urged and cheered the traveler on. Late one night Dick Lee emerged from the rough wagon-trail from Whitewood into the little clearing of huts and dugouts, and, pausing for a moment, glanced hurriedly from one lighted window to another in order that he might choose the most friendly-appearing place. At last he ventured forward, and, stepping timidly out of the shadow, tapped on a roughly-hewed door.

A rough voice within gave him an uncertain welcome. He pulled the latch-string, and entered the cabin. It was not long before the man became rested, and he soon became one of the camp. He was sociable, and invariably spent his time prospecting about the hills.

This was years ago. From camp to camp the man wandered, always the same listless, some said lazy, being, working only when compelled through necessity, yet always in hopes of striking it rich some day. He was often seen on the summit of some high mountain, sitting astride of a convenient bowlder, and grinding in a little mortar some newly-found specimen.

Year after year rolled away, and yet hope clung to the forlorn man. At last, one day, while grinding out a specimen from a new location, he became wild and frantic as he tested his pulp. It was gold, pure, no dirt or gravel, but clear metal!

He speedily staked out the ground, and for the past three years he has kept secret the location of the mine. Rich samples of ore were frequently brought to an assayer's office, and to the astonished inquiry of the assayer as to where the ore came from, the man only mumbled and vanished, no one knew where.

Curiosity was finally aroused, and a watch was kept on the man; he was tracked to his secret haunts, where he was found in a quiet

nook about twenty miles south of Deadwood. His hut was of the rudest kind, and everything was in keeping with the nature of the man. In one corner of his den was found a large iron kettle and a queer mechanical device resembling a pestle, placed with strings and lever and gearing which turned with a water-wheel without, by the mountain stream. And here, with his rude contrivance, the man ground his ore and extracted the metal.

He has grown old fast of late. His steps are weakening, and those who know him best hear his mutterings and see his faltering steps with a shake of the head. He will not live long, they say. Has he kin? Has he some one who will enjoy his great wealth? Nobody knows. There is more curiosity than ever, now. His mine is worth a round million. He was offered that in cold cash, but he said "no." He works his old water-gear'd pestle, and in seeming contentment mutters to his heart's content, and laughs to scorn the feigned sympathy of the many friends he has lately acquired. He is planning to go back to Omaha, but this time he will not walk.

Thrilling Experience in Minnesota Woods.

After being treed by a moose up on the north shore of Lake Superior, and later on in a desperate fight with a brown bear, which endeavored to make a meal of him, Fred Scott, a resident of Pittsburg, Pa., arrived in Minneapolis the other evening, took dinner at Hotel Nicollet, and departed on a late train for Chicago, where he will spend several days before returning to his home.

"Oh, it's a nice country you have up in the lake region," remarked Mr. Scott to a *Tribune* man, as he stood in the lobby of the Nicollet, just before train time. "I'd like to go up there and live, provided I did not care how soon it came my time to die. Excuse me, please, but this wild and woolly Northwest of yours is a little too good for yours truly. I can find plenty of excitement in the East, where I will hereafter remain."

Mr. Scott is connected with one of the big iron-manufacturing companies of Pittsburg, and was sent into Northern Minnesota to look up iron land which the company is thinking of purchasing. He went into the Lake Superior Country about a month ago, and says that if he had been forced to remain another two weeks, he would have been "brought out in a box."

"I was out in the wilderness near Two Harbors," said Mr. Scott, in relating his experiences, "when I ran onto a big bull moose. The animals are fairly numerous in that country, and are not half so wild as I wish they were. This particular moose of which I speak manifested a desire to become too well acquainted with me, and as I had no rifle I saw there was trouble in store unless I could make my escape before the moose got his hands, or rather his feet, on me.

"I was standing in an open spot in a tract of scrub pine when the brute made his appearance, and it surprised me that he showed no signs of fear. On the contrary, the coarse black hair on his neck stood on end, and with a snort of rage he came at me. To say I was scared—and badly scared, is putting it very mildly. I could feel the cold chills run up and down my spine, and never in my life did I so wish that I was a professional hunter, armed with a rifle that was warranted to kill anything at which it was discharged.

"As the bull charged I fled, the animal close behind me. How far I ran I will not say, but I do know that I ascended the first tree that came in my way. I had no time to spare, how-



LAPLAND MAN AND WOMAN.

Here are two Lapps, of the party which the U. S. Government enlisted last year to go out to Alaska and care for the reindeer herd which was sent there to furnish transportation across the snowy wastes to the new mining settlements. They look like intelligent and resolute little people.

ever, as the moose was close behind, and his horns even touched my clothing as I climbed out of reach. If the weather had been very cold that animal would have captured me, sure, for I was not heavily clad, and was without a supply of food with which to withstand a siege.

"My voice is not naturally a loud one, but I fancy I made it heard for a long distance on this occasion; for my calling brought assistance from the camp of several hunters half a mile away, and one of the men fixed Mr. Moose in short order. I had been in the tree for perhaps three or four hours, and when I got out I was so cramped I could hardly walk."

Mr. Scott's adventure with the bear was near Grand Marais, and several half-healed wounds on his face and hands show that he had a narrow escape. While he and John Alexander, a guide, were going through the woods, the bear was started from a hollow log near a small creek. As the animal did not seem to be particularly savage, both men thought it would be a fine thing to capture it alive. This they tried to do, but in a very short time they were doing their utmost to let the brute go, while the bear was doing its best to put an end to the two men.

"Bruin walked off in a stately manner when we approached," said Mr. Scott, "and we thought it would be an easy matter to capture him. We do not think so now. Just look at

my hands, and also at these wounds on my face. I got those in trying to capture a Minnesota bear.

"Before we had chased the bear fifty feet, he turned and made a run at us. The guide wanted to kill him, but I was determined to get him alive, if possible, and I told him not to shoot. A moment later I wished I had not spoken. The bear got me in his paws, and gave me the closest hugging I ever received in my life. For a moment I thought all my ribs were broken. After having squeezed the life half out of me, the bear undertook to spoil my beauty by using his claws, and if the guide had not ended the combat with a rifle ball, I'm very much afraid I would not be here now.

"Alexander says I fainted when he killed the bear, but as to that I am not a competent witness. Anyhow, I felt pretty sore for several days, and am now willing to pass up all your Minnesota bears, likewise your moose. About all I have to show for my experiences is a large lot of wisdom concerning the habits of bears and moose, one bearskin, and a varied assortment of scratches ranging in length from one inch to five inches." The woods of Northern Minnesota were full of hunters, according to Mr. Scott, many of whom went in long before the open season came. He said that he had no difficulty in procuring moose and deer meat whenever he wanted it, before the law expired.

ALONG RAILWAYS IN NORTHERN AND SOUTHEASTERN NORTH DAKOTA.

By Ben Brokke.

A trip across North Dakota from Bottineau County, just this side of the Canadian border, to Ransom County in the southeastern part of the State, is of great value to one who cares to note the character of the progress that is being made throughout the Northwest. Traversing this tier of counties—Bottineau, Pierce, Benson, Ramsey, Eddy, Wells, Foster, Stutsman, Barnes, and Ransom—are the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the "Soo" railway lines, and among the towns visited are some of the most prosperous and enterprising in the whole State.

OMEMEE.

is one of them. The name, which means love, is rightly applied to this place. It is on a beautiful, slightly-rolling prairie, and the fine condition of the blocks and residences are indeed admirable. The business men of the town are all young men, who look forward to making this one of the largest towns in the county. Many residences and store buildings are to be erected next spring to prepare for the large increase in trade. Here is found a healthy climate; sickness is something which is rarely contracted.

A good view can be had of the Turtle Mountains from this place. The town is surrounded by rich farming land, wheat being the principal cereal raised, though cattle-raising is carried on to some extent. The Bottineau Branch of the Great Northern affords good transportation, and Omeme is coming to the front generally as a business center of a very rich section.

RUGBY.

Among other good towns along this Bottineau extension is Rugby, which is the judicial seat of Pierce County. It is situated on the main line of the Great Northern and the intersection point of the Bottineau branch. The surrounding country is settled with a lot of thrifty farmers who raise the golden grain of which Rugby furnishes a goodly portion. The town being a junction point, enjoys a very extensive trade and has many advantages. It has many large and first-class dwellings, and many new store buildings, which give it the appearance of a thrifty town and a place of notable business enterprise. The business men are always up with the times, and look ahead with a view to bettering their town.

MINNEWAUKON.

This being the county seat of Benson County affords it a great amount of business, as is generally the case, and helps to make Minnewaukon one of the best towns along the line. It borders on Lake Devils, and also the northwestern part of Lake Devils Indian Reservation, the Northern Pacific furnishing the shipping facilities. This place is one of the most thrifty and substantial towns in North Dakota. It is convenient to Fort Totten and to the Chautauqua and State encampment grounds on the north of the lake, which are visited by thousands during the days of summer. Minnewaukon has enjoyed steady growth, and has never been subject to a so-called boom. Many new buildings have been erected during the past summer, and many more will be under way next year. Among them will be a \$25,000 court-house, which, when completed, will be a

pride to the town in itself. The past summer two new churches and about a mile of sidewalks were built. The town has a bright future before it. It is well supplied with all lines of trade, and, overlooking as it does North Dakota's inland sea,—Devils Lake,—it is indeed a lovely, thrifty place to reside in.

OBERON.

Another prosperous town in Benson County is Oberon. This town is located in the northern part of the county on the Devils Lake branch of the Northern Pacific. The land west of town is comparatively well settled, but the land east (the Indian Reservation) is infested by Indians, which is a great drawback to the community. Oberon does a good and steadily increasing business. Everything and everybody seem to be in first-class shape.

The fact that all the land east of Oberon is not settled upon is detrimental, but when this land becomes open to settlement, which it soon will be, nothing will be in the way to hinder its advancing prosperity. A healthy growth will follow the opening of this reservation, and Oberon will rank as one of the largest towns in the county. This land east of Oberon—the reservation, as it is called—will open a section which will make a regular paradise for those who secure a portion of it, and a great rush is sure to follow the opening. Oberon is in the midst of a rich farming country, throughout which game is found in abundance.

SHEYENNE.

Owing to many circumstances this now thrifty burg has labored under many disadvantages and has had a great setback, but for the

shape, or manner. The county surrounding is Sheyenne County, well known for the large amount of cattle raised within its borders. Diversified farming is carried on very extensively, and brings to the farmers good results.

A SHORT SKETCH OF BENSON COUNTY.

Benson County is fast coming to the front as an immigration center. The past summer has been a busy one for land-office men doing business here. Never in the history of the country have so many people at any one time located in this region. This, with the many improvements in the way of buildings, etc., goes to show the wealth of a county which, up to a few years ago, was but thinly settled. Now the county is moderately well-settled, though it still has good inducements to offer settlers who want to locate on North Dakota soil. The land for sale throughout the county can be had for \$6 to \$15 per acre, on easy terms. The soil is a very rich black loam, under which is found a yellow clay with a little sand here and there throughout the county, which makes the very best kind of soil for agricultural purposes, and is also well adapted to grazing. The county consists of gently-rolling prairie land, except the eastern part (the Devils Lake Indian Reservation), which has groves of trees throughout. Devils Lake, or Lake Minnewaukon, as it is known among the Indians, forms most of the boundary line between Benson and Ramsey counties. This reservation, when opened for settlement, will be a boon to many who shall be lucky enough to secure a quarter-section of this beautiful, rich farming land, and it would mean a general boom to the neighboring towns. The Fort Totten Military Reservation is also here, located on which are built the Fort Totten Indian Schools, where the Indian children are educated. This Fort Totten was up to a few years ago in charge of a company of soldiers, but at a later date their protection was deemed not necessary, and the troops were withdrawn. It is now a great summer resort—much infested by curiosity seekers, who never leave the lake till this place has been seen. The Cut-Head Sioux and Chippewa Indians are



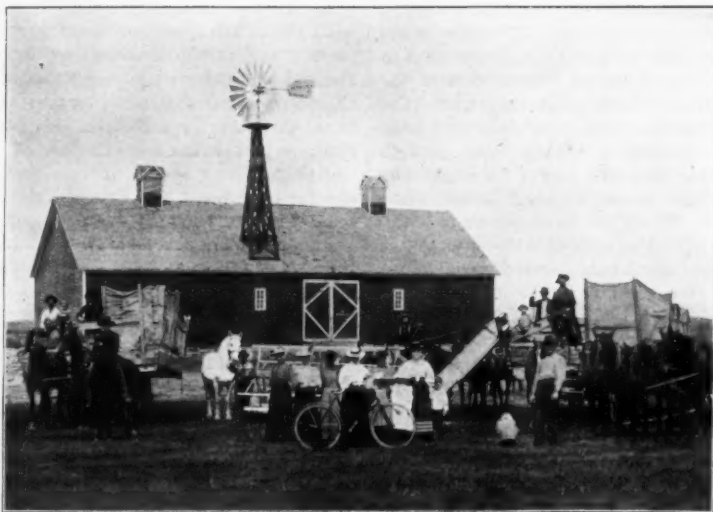
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AN INTERESTING VIEW OF DEVILS LAKE, N. D.

past two years a general boom has been experienced. In this time the town has more than doubled in size, and, if present indications prevail, with good crops this undoubtedly will be one of the largest towns of the county. Anyone having visited this section two years ago would be astonished at the large increase in store buildings and dwellings. The townspeople are an enterprising lot, and never fail to do their best to better their town in any way,

scattered over this reservation—the Cut-Head Sioux living on the land allotted them west of the military reservation, and the Chippewas on the land east of the reservation. They now number about 1,200, and are in an advanced stage of civilization. They live in log-houses scattered through the reservation, and exist by tilling the soil, hunting, and fishing. The reservation contains a number of miniature mountains and ranges of hills, some of the



A SAMPLE OF NORTH DAKOTA FARM WEALTH.

most important ones being Sully's Hill, Devils Heart, and Blue Hills. Also numerous small bodies of water are found in these parts.

Benson County has good transportation facilities afforded by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, which both traverse it. The Great Northern goes through the northern portion of the county, and the Devil's Lake portion of the Northern Pacific follows along the edge of the reservation in a northerly direction to Leeds.

NEW ROCKFORD,

one of the largest towns in Eddy County, has a population of 1,000 or more. The business men all report a prosperous and increasing trade, owing to the large amount of new people locating there. The town is surrounded by some of the best farming land in the State. Many new buildings have been erected during the summer and fall to shelter from the cold the large number of people locating here. Some of the principal buildings erected the past summer are the schoolhouse and the court-house, which goes to show that New Rockford does not contemplate lagging behind any town, but always means to be at the front. With the rich surrounding farming country and other advantageous facilities at its disposal, it is bound to become one of the largest towns in North Dakota. Wheat and flax are the principal exports, although cattle and swine are shipped in some proportions. The nutritious grasses here afford good food for cattle, on which they feed winter and summer, and very little work has to be done to raise stock here. Any one wishing to locate in the county would do well to communicate or call upon the land agents here for information and for prices and terms, which are very reasonable, but which will undoubtedly go higher as land gets scarcer. A quarter-section at present can be had for a nominal sum and on easy terms. The schoolhouse which was erected during the summer contains eight rooms and cost about \$15,000. The court-house was erected at a cost of \$23,000, and county officials are congratulating themselves on being able to remove from an old, tumble-down shack to a brand-new building built of brick, with all the latest modern improvements.

A RICH FARMING AND GRAZING CENTER.

Many are the changes and improvements in Eddy County the past few years. Never in the history of the county has emigration been so heavy as in 1899. Now, where then a prairie of rich soil lay outstretched for some one to develop, are found vast fields of cultivated land,

and millions of bushels of wheat, flax, and other cereals are raised. Many farmers who settled in this county a few years ago are now well-to-do and have built substantial homes for themselves. They all speak of Eddy County as a great farming and grazing section. Here is where crops are never known to fail, and the soil always gives a good yield per acre. The soil on an average is about eighteen inches of rich black loam, under which is found a bed of yellow clay with a little sand here and there, which experts pronounce the best soil for agricultural purposes.

The gently-rolling land of Eddy County is especially adapted to the raising of wheat and flax—except the northern part, which is more hilly, and is well known for the nutritious grass it produces. This part is a great grazing country, and many herds of cattle are there found. Numerous carloads of cattle are annually shipped from this section. The Devils Lake Indian Reservation extends into the northern part of the county, which includes some of North Dakota's best land; and when this now undevel-

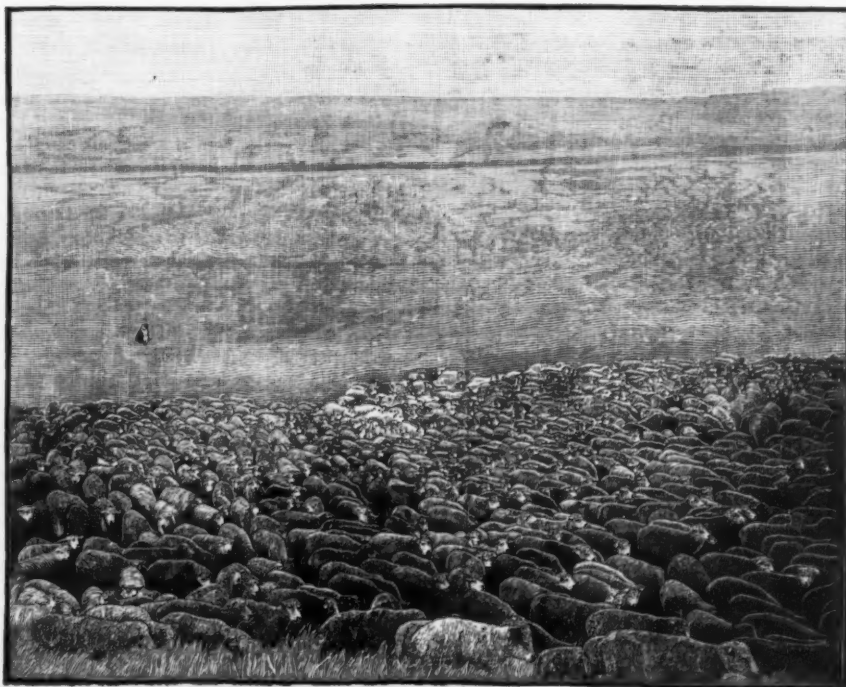
oped piece of territory is opened for settlement, a stampede is predicted. The county is settled up thickly, but many quarters of land close to the market can be had on reasonable terms, and now is the time to buy land here, while prices are down, as the fast increasing population is bound to double it in value soon. An investment in land here at the present is sure to bring good returns. You can secure good soil at \$6 to \$12 per acre and on easy terms. Residents of the county are buying all the land they can, and who knows the value of a piece of land here if they do not? The majority follow in the steps of the early settlers, who have prospered and are now considered wealthy. An immigration committee has been organized by prominent men of New Rockford, which will undoubtedly help greatly in securing a large number of new settlers for their region next spring. Although Eddy County had a considerable share of the new population the past summer, there are still vacant quarter-sections for many more. When looking over North Dakota land, see Eddy County, which is among the best.

Following is found a brief sketch of two of the principal towns of this prosperous county. Both do an extensive and prosperous business, and every man is bound to improve and better the towns and county in every way and manner.

CARRINGTON.

Carrington, the judicial seat of Foster County, is located on the "Soo" and the Jamestown branch of the Northern Pacific railways, thus enjoying transportation facilities from two great trunk lines. It is also the junction point of the Sykestown branch of the Northern Pacific Company, which last summer extended that line to Bowden, a town that has great expectations in the near future, according to flying rumors.

The location of Carrington is a favored one. It is surrounded on all sides by a vast agricultural district, the soil of which is the most fertile and productive in the State. With its commercial, social, educational and agricultural interests, it offers superior advantages to those seeking homes or investments where returns are sure. It has made splendid progress in building operations and other lines the last



A FAMILIAR SIGHT ON THE DAKOTA PRAIRIES.

few years, the citizens doing everything to beautify and improve the town. Carrington is noted for the conservative, and at the same time prosperous, character of her business men, a truth made evident by well-kept stores, good business methods, and solid enterprise.

FESSENDEN.

Fessenden is enjoying an extensive trade and a large increase in population since the building of the "Soo" Line extension between Hankinson and Portal, thus making connections with the Canadian Pacific, and opening up some of the best and richest farming country, where diversified farming has of late been carried on successfully. Much is due the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company for the liberal inducements it has offered emigrants. It has done everything to please them, and, it is said, has never failed to locate them satisfactorily. Once started, they all praise North Dakota's fresh air and rich soil, which has made them both healthy and wealthy with but a very few exceptions. Many new buildings can be seen under construction in and around Fessenden. Crops have never been known to fail here, and all conditions are prosperous. Fessenden is the favored spot for flax. Many men here have raised enough flax to pay for their land. It is said that more flax is shipped from here annually than from any other place in the world.

There are five elevators and a flour-mill, of large capacity, which have to run night and day to cope with the great deliveries of grain marketed here. The land is also adapted to grazing and diversified farming, which industries are carried on to a great extent.

Many wild stories have been told to people of the East and South about the severity of the winters, and the yarns are generally received as the solid truth. Let those folks come to the wheat fields of North Dakota, and test the wintry climate, and they will have a different view of things. It is often referred to by the papers of the State as the "banana belt," on account of the beautiful days had in winter. The days of winter are very healthful, the air being dry and rather cold—not the raw, unhealthful air which chills a man and lays him up during the winter with a rheumatic chill.

"Would I go back East to live?" spoke a man in reply to a query. "No! I should a hundred times rather live and labor here than down East. North Dakota climate agrees with me first-rate. Let me live my last days here in peace, and then I shall pass to the great beyond contented."

Fessenden is said by many to be the Eden spot of the Flickertail State. Here is also found the county seat of Wells County. The courthouse, a brick building of large dimensions, erected at a cost of \$15,000, was put up in 1896. The schoolhouse also deserves mention. It is built of brick, and cost \$10,000. The town has some very cozy churches, fine dwellings, good business blocks, and other attractions of interest to people who care to watch the trend of events in a thoroughly progressive, but comparatively new, North Dakota community.

ENDERLIN.

This is a comparatively new town, its first appearance having been made in 1892 when the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway was interested in the beauty of the place and made this a division point, besides investing heavily in property here. The amount of money distributed by the railroad company to its employees amounts to nearly \$10,000 monthly, all of which is invested in property and other necessities of life, to say nothing of the large amount of money coming in from other resources.

The town plainly shows the progress that

has been made, nearly all old store buildings having been supplanted by new ones, owing to the large increase of business. The streets are broad and well laid out, and are always kept in good shape, and the same can be said of the sidewalks. The last two years carpenters have been busy with hammer and nails erecting some of the best residences, of the most modern make and style, to make homes for many who will remove here as soon as their houses have been finished. There are no empty store buildings, and a general boom in this line is expected in the spring, like the one preceding.

Nothing is too good for Enderlin. Wheat is the principal grain product, but large quantities of flax, oats, barley, potatoes and all other garden vegetables are grown, and find a good market at Enderlin. The "Soo Line" furnishes the shipping facilities, and it is one of the most direct lines of the Twin Cities from this part of the Northwest.

The glen in which this beautiful, prosperous town lies is said by all residents to have once been the site of a charming lake. Many stories are still in the breeze about the once large body of water which covered the two Dakotas, according to old traditions, and disappeared, leaving in its stead one of the greatest wheat-raising districts in the world. Time will change appearances. When one in boyhood leaves his native State and returns a robust man, he will hardly recognize the many new surroundings which have come into being during his absence. Much the same may be said of North Dakota for a period of less than ten years. Many stories are still being told by old trappers and settlers traversing this country in the '70's, who still talk of it as a locality which was once a magnificent lake, now converted into a most beautiful town and lovely surroundings—all this done in a few years. Others can well recall the time when they crossed this spot in skiffs. Every available quarter is taken up and settled on in the contiguous country. Men taking farms here as late as '92, without a cent to their credit at the time, but with grit, pluck, and good management, have at present surplus money and new buildings, besides clear titles to their homes. Crops here are never known to fail. Land can be bought for \$12.50 to \$15 per acre, which is considered low price for land which in time will more than double in value.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The Doukhobors in Canada seem to be a people of marked characteristics. It is said that there are seven thousand in the various Provinces, many of them having located in Manitoba and the British Northwest Territories. The Doukhobors are Russians who were formerly settled in South Russia, but who were afterward banished to the Trans-Caucasus. Some of them are still in Siberia, some in Russia. They are generally called "Doukhobortsai," but they call themselves "Universal Brotherhood Christians." Doukhobor means "spirit wrestler," and seems appropriately given to a class of men and women whose lives are so simply, yet so deeply, religious. Most of them in British America sail from Russia, from Cyprus, from Batoum on the Black Sea, and from various other points in that part of the world. They are a strong, sturdy people, a good many of the men measuring nearer seven feet than six feet in height. They are also said to be strict vegetarians and scrupulously clean. When they land in Halifax they are usually clad in sheepskins, like the conventional Russian peasant, the women wearing trimmings of bright cloth on their jackets. Ernest H. Crosby speaks of these newcomers as follows in the *Missionary Review*: "Wherever these people have been, in

Russia, in Cyprus, in America, they have impressed everyone, including the Russian police, with their fine qualities, their gentleness, integrity, industry, cleanliness, and good feeling; and yet the Government of Russia has never ceased to persecute them, because they take their Christianity seriously, really love their enemies, and shrink from the idea of slaughtering them. The tenets of this sect are very similar to those of the Friends, although they seem to have thought them out quite independently. They reject all outward ceremonies. They have no fixed place of worship, believing that all places are sacred, but meet in each other's houses to sing and to pray. The following is a specimen of the prayers recited at these meetings:

"How shouldst Thou be loved, O God? For Thou art my life, Thou art my salvation, glory and praise; for Thou art my wealth, my eternal treasure; for Thou art my hope and my trust; for Thou art my joy, my eternal peace. Is it better for me to love emptiness, or the unknown, or that which is perverse, perishable, or untrue more than Thee, my true life? Thou art my life, my salvation; and, therefore, in Thee alone do I place all my hope, my faith, my desire. To Thee, Lord, will I call with all my heart, all my soul, all my thoughts; deep into Thee shall I penetrate; to Thee alone shall I pour forth my soul; I shall wholly be in Thee, and Thou in me. I shall see and know in Thee the true and only Lord God, Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. In Thy light shall we see light, by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit."

"It is to be hoped that the influence of these people may make itself felt throughout the continent. Their simple acceptance of the sermon on the mount, while most of us trim it down until it has lost all meaning, is like a breath of fresh spiritual air from across the sea. It would be sad indeed if they should lose their strong beliefs and be lost in the population of British America. May their salt not lose its savor, and may their light illumine the whole land. In a world occupied with war and bloodshed, there is no lesson so necessary as the oft-repeated, oft-forgotten one, to love our enemies and to do good even to them who hate us and despitely use us."

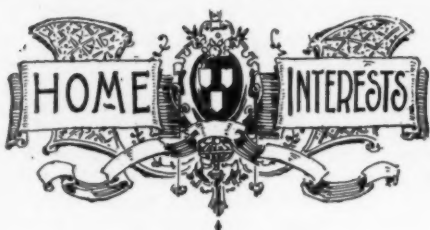
Of the intelligence of the Doukhobors, however, naught is said. Perhaps it is to be inferred that this goes with "gentleness, integrity, industry, and good feeling," yet many instances might be cited to show that one does not necessarily imply the other. Up in Assinibola, one of the Northwest Territories, the Doukhobors have been known to hitch their womenfolk to plows—a custom which does not speak very highly of either their intelligence or their humanity. But the one great object lesson presented by the coming of these people to these shores, is that the North American Continent is rapidly becoming the home and refuge of all the strangely-mixed races of the earth. They come hither as to an asylum. It remains to be seen whether or not they will ever become, in the true sense, props and defenders of the country they dwell in.

HAUNTED.

Thy face is ever twixt my book and me,
Thy tender face, with dreamy, haunting eyes
Half-lifted in a sudden, swift surprise
That anything could tempt my thoughts from thee.

Instead of words, I see that pleading face;
Far dearer words are ringing in my ear—
So low, my heart must beat more soft to hear.
So sweet and low, and yet they fill all space.

I firmer clasp my book, crying, "Depart!"
And marvel that my heart so still hath grown:
When, lo! a soft, warm hand folds o'er my own,
And, lo, again, a dream hath bound my heart!
Iowa Falls, Ia. FLORENCE A. JONES.



New Handkerchiefs.

The very newest handkerchiefs are a delight to the beholder. They are sheer and fine, singularly delicate in texture, and so daintily made! They may or may not have a little narrow lace edge, put on perfectly flat, without even a fullness at the corners, and further ornamented by two or three simple rows of hem-stitching, always simple, but decidedly hand-done.

In each corner, set to extend well toward the center, is a beautiful bouquet of flowers, embroidered in cotton in their natural colors. The sprigs are sparsely set to show plenty of white among the flowers, and thus preserve the general delicacy of effect; and the embroidery is couched to stand out in good relief.

Some of the prettiest are sprays of violets, with fern or violet leaves, carnations, buttercups, passion-flowers, daffodils, wild roses, orchids, or pansies. The general colors should predominate with the gown worn at the same time.

Sickness Easily Barred.

Keep your vitality above the negative condition, and you will never know disease of any kind, says E. B. Warman in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. No disease can exist where there is an abundance of pure blood. To get the necessary amount, eat nutritious food; to circulate it perfectly, take proper exercise; to purify it, get fresh air and sunlight. If a perfectly healthy condition of the skin exists, and an even temperature of the surface of the body is maintained, it is impossible to catch cold. Cold water baths taken every day will do much toward producing the former; proper food and exercise, the latter.

Nature gives you an alarm in the first chilly feeling. Heed it at once, or pay the penalty. Take a brisk walk or run, breathe deeply, and keep the mouth closed. If you are so situated that you can do neither, as in a church, lecture-room, street or steam-car, breathe deeply, rapidly, and noiselessly until you are satisfied that your body has passed from a negative to a positive condition.

Exit the Masculine Arm.

The masculine arm as a means of support for woman, even the gentlest clinging variety of the sex, has been discarded. No matter how timid she may be,—dowager, debutante or bachelor maid,—she must stride down to dinner alone, with only the masculine protection afforded by the proximity of a black coat.

The masculine arm was first discarded on the street by all but married women. Then it was declared bad form to go in to luncheon on a masculine arm. The rule quickly spread, extending to dinners and balls; and this season Dame Grundy has sent out an absolute decree that no bud, matron, or spinster, unless absolutely unable to walk alone, shall be seen on the arm of a man.

March about the ballroom to your heart's content, pretty ingenue; laugh and talk and make merry with your partner; but see to it that you do not touch that black broadcloth sleeve! And you, stout dowager, puffing up the stairs from the basement ballroom to the supper-room above, get along as best you can

without the support of that robust, elderly gentleman. And you wives, who have been accustomed to link arms with your husbands as you walked the streets or sauntered leisurely in the parks, drop those firm supports instantly. It is no longer the mode to be helpless, dependent creatures; the athletic, independent woman has supplanted you. Put away the pretty, clinging-vine pose for the use of a coming generation.

A Few Masculinities.

Probably nobody but a baby knows what it has to put up with.

Most women's feet look better when you can't see them.

It always makes a man mad to have a woman ask him if he can drive, even if he can't.

Some few men have worn goatees and yet made women fall in love with them.

The honeymoon is considered over when the woman finds that her husband has used a lot of her hairpins to clean out his pipe.

When a man has said anything that makes the woman he loves cry, he feels as if he had been caught kicking a little child.

No man ever thinks a woman an angel until he has found out that she is human.

There is nothing in the world that is worth dying for that isn't worth living for.

Probably a girl could never explain just why she jumps up and down so at a football game.

Anyway, every old maid has the satisfaction of knowing that she has done all she could to make some man happy.

A man's only consolation after he has got into trouble by proposing to a girl, is that he would have got into worse trouble if he hadn't.

White Lies in Society.

"Nothing amuses me so much," writes a bachelor to a lady friend, "as to notice the efforts of two women, who have just been introduced, to impress each other with their importance."

"It generally takes some such shape as this:

"I am delighted to meet you. I heard Mr. Smith say such sweet things about you."

"Awfully nice of you to say so. Which Mr. Smith was it? The cousin of the Vanderbilts?"

"Not exactly, it was——"

"We know the Vanderbilts very well, and——"

"No; it wasn't that Mr. Smith. It was the one we met at George Gould's. He is——"

"Did you go to the Bradley Martins' great dinner?"

"No; it was awfully provoking, but we had an engagement that night at the Waldorf to meet Prince——"

"Indeed! That's the great trouble in society; so many dates clashing, don't you know! Why, the night we made up a box party for the opera—that wonderful performance of 'Faust,' you know—we had to give up attending a musicale that——"

"And so on and so on, until the two fair frauds retire to their respective corners,—I mean rooms,—each satisfied that the victory is hers."

Inconsiderate Shoppers.

The reputation which some large stores get for being disobliging to their customers or having uncivil clerks, could in the majority of cases be traced directly back to the shoppers themselves, writes Edward Bok, of "Systemless Shopping," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I make no claim of perfection for the clerks who stand behind the counters of our great stores where women shop. They are only com-

mon mortals, full of faults. But considering what they are called upon to go through and endure at the hands of thoughtless women, the constant wonder is that they are so civil and obliging.

If the truth could be known, it would be found that they suffer far more than they inflict suffering. If the roll could be called of hard-working, innocent girls who have lost their positions because of ill-founded complaints made by "influential" customers whose accounts the firm could not afford to lose, it would be a roll of disgrace to American shoppers.

The girls behind the counter are human—although from the actions of some women we might believe otherwise—human in their faults, but also in their finer feelings. Very often they represent better families, better breeding, than that which is revealed to them from the other side of the counter.

In what Month were You Born?

Here is an old astrological prediction which is said to indicate with tolerable certainty the character of a girl—according to the month she happens to be born in:

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to much melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, inconsistent, not intelligent, but likely to be good-looking.

If in May, handsome, and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable, and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

A Birch-Bark Luncheon.

That most interesting publication, *What To Eat*, says that a young woman returning from her summer outing laden with birch-bark was delighted to find that there seemed no limit to its possibilities; for not only did she devise novel and artistic gifts for her many friends, but she also invited ten of them to an unusually pretty luncheon, where the table decorations consisted of this woodsy material. Palms, tall plants, and a lavish display of vines and ferns, transformed the dining-room into a bower of green. A greenish-gray cardboard framed by gray lichen hung on one side of the room, bearing these lines from *Hiawatha*:

And wher'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage.

The letters were skillfully cut from birch-bark, and pasted on in zigzag fashion, making an extremely pleasing rustic decoration, which might be utilized in many summer homes with much effect.

The table, covered with a snowy damask cloth, has a lovely centerpiece consisting of a canoe made from birch-bark filled with growing ferns, and resting on a miniature pool of water represented by a circular mirror surrounded by a wire frame holding a mass of ferns and vines. At irregular intervals, nest-

ing in wreaths of green, were quaint-shaped birch-bark baskets filled with fruit and nuts; and, at the corners of the table, exquisitely painted doilies made of birch-bark held silver candlesticks with green tapers burning under shades of the same color.

Before each guest a little canoe, tied with brown and yellow ribbon, made a receptacle for the bonbons entirely in keeping with the occasion. The luncheon-cards of heavy parchment paper, in imitation of birch-bark, were embellished by a woodland sketch, no two being alike. These were taken home as souvenirs of the delightful occasion.

Vulgarity of the Exclusive.

In a very candid and plain-spoken article on "The Graciousness of High Breeding" in the *Woman's Home Companion*, Ella Morris Kretschmar makes these pertinent remarks:

"Men and women who by contact or travel know the world's best society, need not be told that simplicity and graciousness are the invariable characteristics of the highest breeding. If this fact could only reach the minds of that class of people who talk of 'exclusiveness,' of 'four hundreds,' of the 'vulgarity of trade,' of not knowing any one outside of 'our set,' what a grateful social change would be wrought! That cold stare of the would-be elect is but the expression of an under-bred, poverty-stricken soul.

"What is 'exclusiveness?' It is that human policy which shuts individuals off from the enjoyment of their kind, by which society gains, since an inharmonious element is thereby removed. How pathetic is the isolation of the determined aristocrat, especially in a small town where, other stirring interest lacking, human relations mean so much! Could even a Divine microscope detect the difference between the naked souls of a banker's and a grocer's wife? How infinitely stupid it is to draw lines in small places, instead of honestly enjoying all there is to enjoy.

"If one has had superior advantages, is there no obligation to give pleasure, to make sunshine in others' lives because of that good fortune? The time is at hand when intelligence will be too wide-spread, progress to a more vigorous plane of thinking too real, to admit of men and women looking askance at one another to make mental invoice of social, financial, or other probabilities.

"Will it not soon penetrate the dullest brain that wealth, rank, or leadership are powerless as shields against unhappiness, or as props to mental, moral, or physical deficiencies; that there is positively no honest or sensible basis for judging individuals excepting individuality?"

The Woman Who Waits.

The winter lingered, and spring absolutely refused to be coaxed into the valley. There were a few hours of sunshine in the early morning, but it was quickly dispelled by clouds and snow-squalls. John bore the unpropitious outlook in sullen silence. He came to the house for his meals, and chopped the wood, but during the day he remained mostly at the barn. There wasn't anything to do there, but it seemed to better suit the situation. He swore under his breath, as he saw the storm-clouds approach. With a short summer at best, all his plans of the winter seem to miscarry by the latest spring the country had ever known. A month's work was ahead of him before his crop could be planted, and the season would have to be a phenomenal one indeed, if the grain matured before frost in the fall. These unpleasant thoughts brought others in their train. Hail might come; drought cause the sun to

burn the grain before he could irrigate. Hundreds of things might happen, and, in his present frame of mind, would happen.

In their talks during the long winter evenings, John told his wife that another season should not go around without seeing her dressed in a becoming manner. "It will be as good as we can get in town," insisted John. "And there are other things you need," he had fondly said, "that you shall have. You have gone without long enough."

And she, patient soul, cut off from society of her kind, except for an occasional meeting at the schoolhouse,—where she met those who told of their troubles and sicknesses,—hoped on. There was a time coming when she and John would take a trip back to the folks in the East; a long, happy play-spell when the children would be dressed as well as anyone's, and where there would be nothing to do but sit with folded hands and talk. Oh, the joy of being able to talk for hours at a stretch; to review those pleasant instances of her early life—the dances, the weddings, the sleigh-rides, the debates, and countless things which flashed through her

full to overflowing, and the promises of last winter were possibly to be fulfilled. She had not asked John how much he would make out of his crop, but she had a vague, indistinct feeling that better and brighter days were coming.

As the winter hardened and whitened the roads, the grain was sacked and hauled away. It took a whole day to make the round trip, and, all alone, she busied herself with the household duties. But still John said nothing about the promised dress or trip. He was off in the early morning, and came home late at night. Their fare at home consisted mainly of bacon, bread, and potatoes, such as John had been used to, nevertheless it did not seem to satisfy him. At noon he ate at a town restaurant and had warm soup, beef, vegetables, and desserts. He had met men in public resorts, and talked with them of politics and kindred subjects; she had had but scanty fare, with none to talk to.

Finally, the grain having been hauled away, John remained home more, and, in the company of his wife, gradually awakened to a partial knowledge of his neglect.



JOBYNA HOWARD, THE ORIGINAL GIBSON GIRL.

mind, as, through with the day's toil, she sat almost asleep!

At last spring came, radiant and glorious. The snow-banks disappeared as if by magic; the robin came, and calves and colts frolicked in the barn-yard. The plow turned the soil almost on the run; the seed was planted and then irrigated with all the vigor John could command. Then came the harvest, the self-binder clicking the song from early till late. And then the threshing—with the big crew of hungry, bearded men, for whom she had to cook.

Then winter came. It came in the night, with its east wind and its snow; but the granary was

"Never mind," said he; "next year we shall take the trip. I have my binder paid for now, and the school-land money won't be due for two years."

But next spring the cold lingered and the work had to be done with a rush. They had a hired man, however, and John felt that it was time to cease hard work. He had money ahead, a fine barn, many cattle, and was well enough fixed to take things easier. So he began to spend more time in town. His driving-team and light buggy made the distance short, and, as he had argued to himself, he "needed some one to talk to." Momentous occurrences were

happening, and every man ought to be posted.

But she jogged on at home, and saw the world from her kitchen window; and when, at last, the inevitable came, and she lay sick unto death with weary body and yearning heart, John learned, all too late, that a wife needs something besides an endless round of work and a lot of unfulfilled promises.—*Unidentified Canadian Paper.*

The Art of Renovation.

In ripping up a garment, use sharply-pointed scissors or a small knife, and pull all of the cut threads out. Shake each piece well, and dust silken fabrics with a piece of flannel or old silk handkerchief; woolen materials need a whisk broom and more strength for the brushing.

First and last, remember that naphtha, benzine, and alcohol are all explosives when used near a fire or light. After cleaning materials, hang them in the open air for the disagreeable fumes to evaporate; but if colored, do not hang in the sun, or they will dry in streaks. Clean with a piece of the same fabric, if possible, or at least with one of the same color.

Remove the grease-spots from black woolen goods with naphtha or French chalk. Scrape the chalk on the spot, let it remain for twenty-four hours, and brush off; sometimes this treatment has to be repeated. These remedies may also be used on colored woollens. Paint is removed with benzine, and if the latter leaves a stain like water, use French chalk on it. Water-stains are frequently removed if the spot is rubbed perfectly dry at once.

Ammonia often turns black goods gray, yet we repeatedly see it recommended for cleaning spots, diluting it with warm water. When black goods simply look rusty, sponge them on the right side with a wad of the fabric dipped in equal parts of alcohol and warm water, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side until perfectly dry. If mud leaves a stain after it has dried and been brushed off, rub it with naphtha.

Black goods wash well, but must not be rubbed on a washboard; clapping them between the hands, or sousing them up and down in the water, is as near rubbing as can be given. Do not twist the material tightly when wringing it dry, and hang it full length on the line; always iron on the wrong side, unless the right side is specified, as in ladies' cloth, though with a soft muslin cloth between the iron and cloth. Fold a full width down the center, as in new goods; the smaller pieces leave unfolded.

A good washing-fluid for black woollens consists of soapsuds with teaspoonful of borax to every two quarts. Souse the goods in this warm suds, and rinse in very blue water; then dry and iron as directed above. Or soak the material in soapsuds for two hours, then put it in a pail of warm water in which an ounce of extract of logwood has been dissolved, and let it soak all night; then rinse four times, adding a pint of sweet milk to the last rinsing.

Wash alpaca like any black woolen fabric, adding a little gum arabic to the rinsing water, and sponge this like all other material, in down strokes. Colored serges and cashmeres may be cleaned in a fluid of one dessert-spoonful of beef's gall to a pail of warm water; use less gall in the rinsing water, and do the task quickly, drying the goods in the shade, and ironing when nearly dry. Use warm, not hot, irons, and try the washing liquid on a small piece first. When soft water cannot be had, soften that used with a little borax.

Colored silks are the most difficult to attempt improving, but grease-spots are removed with French chalk, or rub over the stain a piece of wet magnesla; let it dry, and dust off. Ether is also used on colored silk. Never rub silk vigorously.

Japanese, China, India, and pongee silks are freshened by washing in lukewarm soapsuds, rinsing quickly, and drying in the shade. In fact, this renovating must not lag; the sooner the goods are on the line drying, the better they will look. It is no work for lazybones, but if well done, the result is most satisfactory.

Keep white silk wrapped up in blue tissue paper, and it is not likely to yellow; but if it does, use it cream colored, as trying to bleach it is simply ruinous. Ammonia restores the color destroyed by fruit-stains, but in turn often leaves a ring-stain, which may be removed with naphtha or chalk, though the writer's personal experience is not encouraging when meddling with colored silks. It is one of the things in life which, the more experience you have with it, the less you think you know of it. As wetting goods often draws the edges, it is well to snip the selvedge here and there before beginning operations.

Black silk is one of the easiest things to clean, and amply repays the laborer for all she does. To refinish black satin, dip each piece in a bath of naphtha and hang out doors, remembering that naphtha is very explosive. Silk may be allowed to drip dry while hanging on a line, but it is more like a new piece if ironed on the wrong side when partly dry; use a thin material, black or white, between the iron and silk, crinoline being excellent for the purpose.

If your silk can be turned, sponge what will be the right side when made up, and iron what will be the inner part. The cleaning-fluid may be stale beer, cold coffee well strained, or kid-glove water; the latter is a black glace kid glove boiled in a pint of water down to half a pint. It may be dropped into naphtha, but in this case do not iron it.

Do not fold pieces of silk. Use a clean, smooth table to sponge the fabrics on. Another renovating fluid for black silk is a little rock ammonia and a piece of common soda, put into a bottle and dissolved in one-half pint of boiling water. Sponge with this, and iron; this is also good for restoring rusty-looking black woolen goods. A French recipe says to clean black silk by sponging on both sides with spirits of wine, and ironing on the wrong side. The sponging with coffee removes all of a greasy appearance that especially affects gros-grain silks.

Black ribbons are cleaned like black silks, and there are also several recipes for ribbon only, as washing colored ones in suds made of fine soap and ironing with a muslin cloth between the iron and ribbon. Ribbons that are actually soiled, may be freshened with a tablespoonful each of soft soap, molasses, and brandy; mix well, and then apply with a soft brush to the ribbon; rinse in cold water, roll up in a cloth until nearly dry, and iron. Dip colored ribbons into bowl of naphtha to clean quickly; also silk throws, or scarfs; and neckties are renewed in the same manner.

THE LARGEST MOOSE EVER KILLED.—In October, 1896, an Alaska Indian and his squaw killed a monster moose near Valdes, just over the big glacier in the vicinity of Copper River. The spread of the antlers was 73½ inches. The height of the moose from hoof to top of the antlers was 8 feet 6 inches, and from hoof to top of fore shoulder 6 feet 4 inches. From tip of nose to hock or rear leg the animal measured 16 feet in length, and its dead weight was 2,000 pounds. Some white men saw it and succeeded in buying it for purposes of speculation. Shipping the moose to Chicago, it was sold to the Academy of Sciences in Lincoln Park. These authorities had it mounted, and it is now on exhibition as the largest and most wonderful moose ever killed.

TOMMY SMITH'S DIARY.

I'm goin' to keep a diery. It's a very good idear, My father says, for boys to note what happens in the year, And rite down all observances, and other bits of noos. When father's 'round, most gen'rally I mind my p's and q's.

JANUARY.

Got up at six, this mornin', and couldn't find my hat. Had quite a little cirkus a-paintin' grandma's cat With sum paint that sis bo't yesterday to paint a marine vue; That cat looked awful funny, all streaked with green and bloo.

FEBRUARY.

Wentskatin' with the boys to day, and had a bully time. I nearly broke my rubber neck, a-tryin' the grape-vine. The ice wuz thin in one place, and broke, and I got wet; I had a bully time, tho', an' 'll go again, you bet!

MARCH.

Last night when Mr. Johnson cum around to make a call, I put sum flower in his hat, and hid there in the hall; And when he put it on his hed, I thort that I wood split; He looked so mad sis didn't laf—she almost had a fit.

APRIL.

If I'm not good, my father says, I'm goin' to bordin-skule. When father gets his dander up, he's stub'ner than a mule. I don't see why most ev'ry day he'll walk around and rave, And say with sorrow and gray hares I'm leadin' to his grave.

MAY.

We're playin' a game, Bill Jones and I, that Bill got from a book; Bill plays that he's the "Pathfinder," and my name's "Chingachnook." Our huntin'-ground's in Bill's back yard,—we've named it "Forrest Free." And first I play a-skalpin' Bill, then Bill plays skalpin' me.

JUNE.

Bill Jones and I had lots of fun a-teasin' old man Black, We went around the other nite, and rigged up a tie-tack; And just as everything was fixed, the old man he cum out, And cort Bill Jones and tanned him good,—you ought-er heered Bill shout.

JULY.

I'm goin' away tomorrer, to spend my vakashun To my unkle's in the country; I'll have a lot of fun. I wish Bill Jones wuz goin' too; it almost made me cry When he and I shook hands last nite, and sed our last good-by.

AUGUST.

I'm havin' a most ex'lent time; I help my unkle hay. Me and the boys go swimmin' six or seven times a day. I got a letter from Bill Jones, that he had writ to me. He 'dressed it on the envelop' to "Thomas Smith, D.D."

SEPTEMBER.

I cum back to the city, 'cause my little sister died— My little sister Nellie, and I cried, and cried, and cried. She looked so awful pretty, a-layin' there in white, I lay awake and thort of it all thru that-tearful nite.

OCTOBER.

I've had diptherier awful bad; Bill Jones he had it too. We met and talked on it today; we both felt pretty bloo, 'Till we got two cats and tied their tales and throwed 'em crost a line,— Then things wuz pretty lively, for quite a little time.

NOVEMBER.

Last night that Mr. Johnson wuz married to my sis, I always thort they would be, the way I seen 'em kias. Bill Jones cum round to see them; and he and I et cake, And all the other fixin's, till we had the stomeck ake.

DECEMBER.

I've kep' this diery now a yeer; I'm 'clined to think it pays. It helps a fellar's spellin' out—that's what my teacher says. I don't know how most diery's close—this is my first, you see; I'll put—"The End (I guess that's rite). F. Smith, His Diery." Westlake, Id.

J. B. RICE.

TEDDY. A VETERAN.

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE.

By Clara M. White.

One bright April morning, five or six years ago, a little colt came into the world and found himself on the broad Dakota prairie. Although to an outsider he seemed at the time to be largely legs, his mother even then considered him a beauty. Certain it is that within three years he had grown into a strong, handsome, high-spirited and affectionate creature worthy of all her love and belief in him. How he enjoyed life, from the first—the air was so pure, the sunshine so bright and warm, the sky so blue, the grass so sweet and green out there on the great prairie!

On the day that he was a week old, a big, muscular, blue-eyed eighteen-year-old boy came up to the fence, and, leaning both arms on the top rail, looked over at him and laughed a hearty, infectious, ringing laugh as he said:

"Well, you're a great-looking colt, aren't you?"

The colt immediately walked up to the fence to investigate; and there, nearly on a level with his own eyes, gazing through the bars of the fence, were two other eyes, opening wider and wider as he approached.

"Oh! de 'litt'le colt, de 'litt'le colt!" exclaimed a child's voice. "Up, quick! me want to see him."

"All right; there you are. Now, what shall we call him? Father said you were to name him!"

"Teddy. His name's Teddy!"

"That's my name, Sis. Can't you think of something new?"

"No. Your name's Ted; his name's Teddy."

And "Teddy" it was, and the colt and the four-year-old girl became fast friends. They would play together on the lawn by the hour, he following her around like a dog. She always shared with him her apples and candy, and would roll on the grass in an ecstasy of laughter when he grew frolicsome and capered around her, kicking up his heels in a manner that made most of the grown people want to get out of the way.

But how he grew! He soon had to look down to see his little friend. Not a day passed on which she did not visit him. Even during the next winter's blizzard, she rode out to the barn on Ted's shoulder, holding fast to his muffled blonde head; and she brought with her a blanket to tie around Teddy, so that he shouldn't be cold, and she fed him a sweet, juicy apple, and a lump of sugar. The next summer she often rode on his back, while Ted led him around by the forelock.

The third summer, Ted had to be broken for driving and riding, and Flossie watched operations with much interest and sympathy. It was dreadfully trying, nervous work for Teddy; but he seemed to know that his little mistress was looking on, so he did his very best to learn, and to get accustomed to all those uncomfortable straps and buckles. Besides, Ted was managing it all, and he loved Ted too, almost as much as he did Flossie. After Ted had ridden him for some time, and found him to be perfectly gentle and docile, though high-spirited and fond of going like the wind, Flossie was taught to ride him. She had a saddle and a little riding-skirt, and she was certainly the happiest and proudest little girl in all the Northwest on the day that she first rode her

dear friend to the section-road and back all alone. She soon became a great horsewoman, even going so far as to discard saddle and bridle; for just a plain halter was all that Teddy and she needed in order to understand each other perfectly.

Ted was a great hunter, and used to seize every opportunity to get off after prairie-chickens, or ducks, or wild geese, or snipe, or to follow the wily fox, or even the fleet jack-rabbit. On such occasions Teddy was nearly always his companion, and soon grew to be expert in following the dogs, never flinching when Ted shot from his back.

When the next spring came, Flossie made great preparations to celebrate the colt's birthday. Her home was a most pleasant and luxurious one for a Dakota farmer's daughter, but, then, her father was one of the big farmers. He had settled there some years before, when Ted was just a little fellow, and he had planted trees even before he had built the comfortable, roomy house. All along the north and west sides of the garden, to the right of the house, was a gravel walk with double rows of trees on either side of it, now so large that their foliage met overhead.

At the end of this gravel walk, Flossie had arranged the banquet. On a table, covered with a snowy cloth, was the birthday cake, with its four candles. Around this were arranged apples, loaf-sugar, candy, and cookies—all dainties that Teddy loved. On a box at one side was a bright tin pail filled with clear, cold water; and there was also a generous basketful of green grass and clover, which Flossie had pulled with her own two little hands. The decorations were all pasque flowers—strewn over the white cloth, and festooned around the edges.

Teddy, you must know, was a beautiful sorrel, with white feet, and a white spot on his nose, which was Flossie's favorite kissing place. His mane and tail were two or three shades darker than his coat, and waved all their flowing length. His great dark eyes always grew darker and softer when his little mistress was near.

Mamma and papa, and all the dolls, were invited to the birthday party, and Flossie's happiness was complete, except for one thing—dear brother Ted could not be there. He was reading law in Fargo, and would not be back till June. He sent his regrets, however, and a beautiful russet leather bridle as a birthday present for Teddy. This was hanging on a tree near the table, to be presented with due ceremony when the proper time came.

Just as the morning express from the south whistled for the station, which was a mile away, Flossie escorted her mother and father and the dolls to seats arranged for them near the table. Then she excused herself for a few moments. It was not long before they heard the sound of a horse's feet upon the gravel walk, and knew that the guest of honor was approaching. They never forgot the beautiful sight as Teddy came single-footing around the corner of the green avenue and, with arched neck and proudly-quivering nostrils, advanced toward them. No saddle, bridle, or halter marred his beauty; but on his back sat Flossie holding in one hand a basket filled with the soft,

furry, purple pasque flowers, while with the other hand she tossed them in front of Teddy as he came.

The spectators, dolls and all, fairly held their breath, it was so perfect. Teddy unconcernedly proceeded to walk up to mamma and extend his nose to have her rub it, while the father gave Flossie a kiss and lifted her down.

The mistress of the ceremonies was just beginning to cut the cake, when, with a rush and a bound, someone came down the gravel walk. The next instant Ted was with them, his cheeks flushed with excitement, his blue eyes blazing, as he panted:

"Father, I'm going to the war."

Then he caught up Flossie and covered her face with kisses—perhaps so that he should not see his father's grave face and his mother's tear-dimmed eyes. When he put Flossie down, Teddy came close to him and whinnied, as much as to say, "Won't you take me, too?"

"Dear old Teddy," said the boy, stroking the horse's velvety nose, "if you and I could only join that other Teddy's 'Rough Riders,' we wouldn't do a thing to those Spaniards, would we? But we can't. They wouldn't let us go together anyway, and I'm bound to go with my company. Besides, this looks as though you are a pampered pet. You couldn't feed on apples and sugar, and walk a path of flowers, if you were a cavalry horse, old man."

Mr. Wheaton knew that Ted had joined a militia company in Fargo, and that the members were holding themselves in readiness for a call. Since at first a call for cavalry troops only had been made in North Dakota, he had hardly thought that Ted's company would be called out at all. Even when he had read on April 27th that the order for cavalry troops had been revoked and that infantry had been called for, he had not fully realized what it might mean, and had therefore said nothing; for what was the use of worrying the little mother till the time came?

And now Ted himself brought the news that the North Dakota troops were to mobilize at once at Fargo, and that his company, already on the ground, intended going to the front if such a thing were possible.

For a day or two all was excitement, and then, in a little over three weeks, Camp Briggs was deserted and Ted, with the North Dakota infantry troops, departed for the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Wheaton secretly rejoiced that it was to the Philippines and not to Cuba that her son was going. She tried to feel patriotic, but, after all, she did hope that Ted might get off without having to fight. Not so with Ted. How he did wish that he and Teddy might have joined Roosevelt's Rough Riders, thus standing some chance of dashing at once into the thickest of things!

A week before the troops left Camp Briggs, a tramp broke into the big Wheaton barn and managed, no one ever knew how, to make off with Teddy. There had not been a horse-theft in the vicinity for years, and great indignation and excitement were aroused. A thorough search was made; parties were sent out in all directions, but to no avail. The thief was evidently a master of his craft, for he had most successfully covered up all traces.

Poor Flossie was heart-broken—with Ted going to the war and Teddy stolen and perhaps being beaten and starved. Dreadful trials had suddenly come into her hitherto happy little life. It seemed to her that the sun didn't shine so brightly as before, and that her acres of wild flowers drooped their heads in sympathetic sorrow. But after a time, as often happens with those older than she, other interests gradually pushed themselves before her, and she grew quite cheerful again. Then there were all those

fascinating letters from Ted. If only Teddie could have written, too, and told them of his whereabouts!

Just as camp was about to be broken at Fargo that last week of May in 1898, a shaggy-coated, white-footed sorrel horse with a white spot on his forehead and with sorrow and despair and homesickness in his heart, was ridden by a rough-looking, dirty man up to the Midway Horse Market between Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The man had no trouble in disposing of his horse at a good price, as there were prospects of Government orders to be filled very soon. Indeed, it was but a day or two before Teddy was transferred to the Government, and thus he joined the cavalry service of the United States the very day before Ted boarded the train to start on his long journey to the Philippines. Teddy was destined to go in an opposite direction; and, oh! what discomfort and suffering he had to bear. There was the long, hot, dusty journey to Tampa in crowded cars, often without sufficient food and water; the frequent drilling; and the tedious waiting amidst all the confusion. At night he used to dream of North Dakota's green pastures and sunny meadows, and of the little maid whom he loved. Poor Teddy! He as yet hardly understood what it was all about, and how and why such changes had come to him.

One day, with a crowd of other horses, he was driven over a gang-plank and into a strange-looking thing that seemed to be a barn floating in the water. If he had known that he was to be set adrift in this barn, perhaps he would have made some trouble when being led into it; but he was an amiable fellow, and had always placed the utmost confidence in mankind. He and his companions were packed into very close quarters; and for a horse that had never been to sea it was not altogether a pleasant experience. They sweltered and steamed in the tropical heat; and, worst of all, they had so little water to drink. When the transport rolled and pitched in a storm which came down upon them, some of the horses were badly hurt by falling or being knocked against the walls or partitions. Teddy, however, escaped serious injury.

At last they came in sight of land, that looked very green and tempting, and anchored. Teddy expected the gang-plank again, but after much delay he and his comrades were simply pushed overboard, and were left to sink or swim. There was great confusion; men, other horses, big guns, ammunition, provisions, were being landed from other boats, and all the time the shore was being shelled from gunboats back of the transports, for the purpose of dislodging any Spaniards that might be in hiding there. Some of the horses, terror-stricken, lost all presence of mind and went down, with despair in their eyes. Teddy never forgot those eyes. He had swam rivers and coulees with Ted on his back more than once; so, with teeth set in grim determination, he struck out boldly for the green shore, struggled bravely through the high surf, and finally felt the firm earth again under his feet. The horses of the Rough Riders' officers were landed at the same time and in the same way. Several of these were drowned, and so it happened that Teddy was assigned to take the place of one of them.

Almost immediately, he started with the Rough Riders for the front. It is probable that at this time he began to understand the thing a little. He was very proud to be carrying one of the leaders of this band of strong, brave men; and so, in spite of the heat, the insects, and the tangled jungle through which they had to force their way, he got quite into

the spirit of war, and forgot or ignored the hardships as did the riders themselves.

Teddy knew all about the fight at Las Guasimas, and the now famous charge on San Juan Hill. The officer used to lead or ride him up and down the line in plain sight of the enemy, the bullets whizzing and whistling all around them, and Teddy was proud to show them that he, too, had no fear.

The night after San Juan, he was harnessed with some mules to an army wagon to help carry the wounded back to the hospital, four miles away. There were only a few ambulances, and the poor fellows would die if they could not be cared for at once. The wagon was driven at a terrific rate over the rough roads, down steep banks, across streams, and up the opposite sides, while the men were thrown forward or backward all in a horrible, writhing heap—moaning and crying, "Stop, stop, for God's sake, stop!"

This was the hardest thing Teddy ever did. If he tried to ease up a little, for the sake of that mass of bloody human beings behind him, the driver swore at him and brought down the long lash of his whip in fury. He didn't blame

board; but, after all, it was only the middle of August when they landed at Montauk and were "once more in God's Country," as he heard the troopers say. Oh, how much had happened in those three or four months! It seemed like so many years; and, indeed, anyone would have thought Teddy at least three or four years older. He felt and looked—a broken-down old horse.

When the Rough Riders were mustered out in the middle of September, and given an opportunity to buy their horses, one of the troopers, whose horse had died, and who was looking for a bargain, came across poor old Teddy. Crooked-legged, one eye gone, one ear shot off, tail and mane burned and pulled out and worn thin, hips sticking nearly through his skin, every rib showing,—such an apology for a horse caused the trooper to laugh aloud.

"Not you, I guess, old red bag o' bones," he said, as he gave Teddy a not ill-natured poke in the ribs.

Teddy was nearly asleep. He really didn't feel at all well, but he roused himself and looked at the trooper an instant. Then he whinnied softly, and rubbed his nose against the man's shoulder.



"Flossie felt herself gathered up into somebody's arms, and her face was pressed against another tear and face." The driver, for of course he was under orders, and there were more at the front who must be brought to the surgeons; but the weary horse was glad that they gave him a little rest after that one awful trip, and that he never had to do that sort of work again.

Now came tedious waiting; floods of rain during a part of each day, and fierce sunshine during the rest; wet ground to stand or lie upon, and bad water to drink. The brave horse grew very weak and thin. Although he had escaped being badly wounded when at the front, the bullets had grazed him in a good many places, and once he had been so close to a bursting shell that his tail was no more a thing of beauty.

At last, when he was really beginning to feel very ill, he was driven upon a transport once more and taken away toward the North and its cool, dry breezes. He revived greatly on ship-board, and began to wonder if he should ever see Flossie and Ted again. They were on the way a good many days, or so it seemed, and several of the horses died and were shoved over-

board. "What?" said the Rough Rider; "think you know me? Don't believe I've the pleasure of an acquaintance. What's this? Sorrel, white feet; white star on your nose? You ain't—you can't be—that little gal's colt; 'Teddy'?"

Teddy whinnied again, weakly. "Great Scott! I can't believe it! Wait a bit. Where's that little brand? I'll be darned if I don't believe you be that little gal's colt!" The man thrust his hand into his pocket, dashed off, and in a few minutes returned, took Teddy's halter in his hand, and walked away.

It was one day in the following October, and the Wheaton family were dining in usual silence. Mrs. Wheaton's face was care-worn and sad, and her eyes were rimmed with red; Mr. Wheaton's brow was contracted into an annoyed and worried pucker; Flossie, with childhood's happy faculty of enjoying the passing moment, was making complacent headway with her dinner. Finally Mr. Wheaton broke the silence.

"Don't know how we're going to get that

wheat threshed. Threshers are a scarce article, this fall, with so many folks gone to the war. We can have the machine tomorrow, but we haven't men enough to run it."

"If the boy was only safe at home," said his wife, "what would we care for anything else? To think of his being away off across the Pacific Ocean, sick, and in the hospital, perhaps, without good care and nursing—and, of course, suffering and homesick."

"By the way, mother," broke in Mr. Wheaton, "I've got a letter for you. I most forgot it. Look's a little like Ted's writing, but it's from San Francisco. Wonder who it can be?"

With trembling fingers Mrs. Wheaton tore open the envelope; then in a moment she dropped the letter into her lap, her face all alight with happiness.

"It is Ted," she said, between laughing and crying; "and he's on his way home, discharged on account of his illness. Now I can nurse him back to health again! Flossie, dear, just think of it,—Ted's coming home!"

There was a knock at the door, and one of the men poked his head in to say that that Varney, who had helped with the threshing the year before, was out at the barn and wanted a job.

"Well, we'll give him one quick," said Mr. Wheaton. "Tell him so."

"Says he's one o' Roosevelt's Rough Riders," added the man. "And, say, he's got the toughest-lookin' old horse with him you ever see. Says he's been through the war, too. He looks as though he'd been through something."

Mr. Wheaton pushed back his chair, kissed his wife, and took his hat.

"Now, Floss," he said, "let's go out and see Varney and the old horse."

Down by the barn stood the newcomers. Weary and footsore they looked, and the horse's head drooped almost to the ground. Flossie's little heart went out to him with a great bound of sympathy.

"Why," the childish voice rang out, clear and sweet, "he's the color of my Teddy; and, see, he's got white feet like my Teddy had, too! Oh, poppy, how I wish I had my Teddy back!"

At the sound of her voice the horse slowly lifted his head, made a poor, miserable attempt at a whinney, and started limping towards her.

"Poppy," she cried wildly, "it is my Teddy!" and then she flew to meet him.

The horse only came a few steps, and then his strength left him. He had made a good fight, but it couldn't last much longer. He tottered, and then sank to the ground. He had reached the old home, at last, but he had come back to die, just as so many other brave old veterans had.

Flossie reached him just at that instant, and threw herself down beside him. He drew a few gasping breaths; then his eyes closed, and he breathed no more. Flossie kissed the poor, battered face again and again, and sobbed as only a child can sob.

Her father and the trooper both turned away for an instant, and in that instant someone came into the yard. Flossie felt herself gathered up into somebody's arms, and her face was pressed against another tear-wet face.

"Flossie," said a weak, broken voice, "would you rather it had been Ted?"

She hugged him close—her poor, sick, gaunt brother, as she cried:

"Oh, no, Ted—dear, dear Ted!"

Then Ted, with Flossie still in his arms, bent over the horse.

"I envy you, old fellow," he said. "You saw real fighting, and took your brave part in it; and I—I only had a chance to fight with Death. I won against him, and you have fallen. You shall be buried wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, as befits a true soldier."

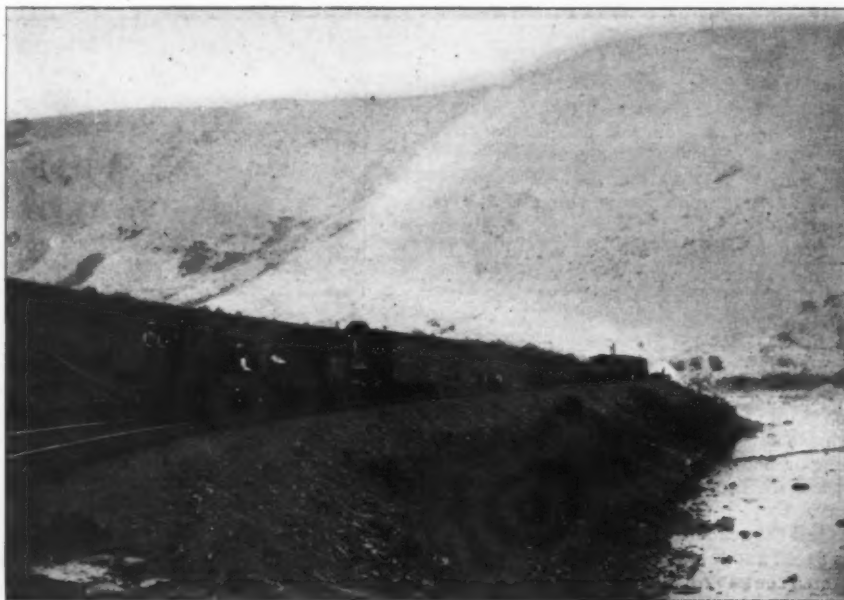
IN THE GREAT SEVEN DEVILS COPPER-MINING DISTRICT, IDAHO.

The November issue of this magazine contained an illustrated article, descriptive of the Seven Devils Mining District in Washington County, Idaho, which treated in a general way the mining and other resources of that richly endowed region, and gave illustrations of some of the most notable mines of the Seven Devils camp, among them a picture showing a large outcrop of high-grade copper ore at the Peacock mine.

The Peacock, the first property discovered in the camp, has changed ownership since the November issue—at the stated price of one million dollars, or at that rate for nine-sixteenths of the Peacock group of mines, which includes the Helena and White Monument. This famous group of mines was secured by the Boston-Seven Devils Company through Chas. Whitcomb, their general manager, and they are to be developed immediately on a large scale. The Boston-Seven Devils Company have been operating in the Seven Devils region for some time, and are vigorously developing the South Peacock and Decorah Mines. The purchase of the

from the outside world. A road from the Peacock mine to Snake River was constructed at an enormous outlay, the road being about twenty-two miles long and winding around the great Seven Devils Mountains, descending at least 7,500 feet from the White Monument mine to Snake River, on a grade of about seven per cent, or 360 feet to the mile. This road is a masterpiece of engineering and workmanship. It connected with a steamboat at Snake River, which was built near Huntington, Oregon, to carry ore from the landing down the river to the railway. The heavy decline in the price of copper in 1890 stopped this enterprise, and the boat was taken down to the Columbia River.

Although the men interested in the mines were compelled to abandon their scheme to transport their ores to market by the river route, on account of the heavy expense connected therewith, their faith in the future of the camp was undaunted, and they devoted their time and energies in trying to induce capitalists to build a railway into the district, and thus give them connections with the transcontinental railway lines. In the spring of 1899 their fondest hopes were to be realized. The Pacific and Idaho Northern Railway Company



CONSTRUCTION TRAIN AT WORK ON THE PACIFIC & IDAHO NORTHERN RAILWAY IN WEISER CANYON, IDAHO.

Peacock group at such large figures by a company so well informed in the district, speaks in the strongest terms of the vast richness of the region.

It might be in place to here give a bit of history relative to the early discoveries of the district. The Peacock, Helena, and White Monument mines, now known as the Peacock Group, all of which showed large outcrops of high-grade copper ore on the surface, were located by Levi Allen and I. I. Lewis, who shortly afterward obtained patents thereon. Mr. Allen subsequently induced Mr. Albert Kleinschmidt, of Helena, Montana, to visit this then secluded region. Mr. Kleinschmidt sampled the mines thoroughly and had assays made by Henry Price, an assayer of San Francisco, which showed high values in copper and gold. Mr. Kleinschmidt was so thoroughly satisfied that he immediately purchased a large interest in all the then known mining claims in the camp, and the district at once came into public notice. After he had completed his purchases he set to work to develop the mines, and he built first-class wagon-roads, so that the camp might be easily reached

was organized, and active construction work began immediately, and today the road is completed as far as the new town of Cambridge, situated in Salubria Valley, a distance of about forty miles from Weiser. Cambridge is building up very rapidly, and a town of considerable size should be built up there. The grading for the P. & I. N. Railway is practically completed into the Seven Devils camp, but the road will not be finished until next spring, as the company was unable to secure rails to lay the balance of the track.

During the summer of 1890, Mr. Rogers, then superintendent of the mining interests of Mr. Kleinschmidt and associates, took a ditch out of Copper Creek, and brought the water on to the Peacock and washed off the surface, thereby laying bare an outcrop of high-grade copper ore covering an area of nearly five acres.

In the December issue of this magazine was given a detailed account of the development work at the Blue Jacket mine, which is the most thoroughly developed mine in the district. Since that time the company has been sacking more rich ore (and piling it up ready for ship-

ment) than they could get teams to haul to the railway. The managers state that they now have over 2,000 sacks of ore, piled up ready for shipment, that will average over 55 per cent copper, besides carrying values of over \$10 in gold. They intend to ship twenty-five tons of this grade of ore per day this winter, hauling it by teams to Cambridge, thence by rail to New York. The *Weiser Daily Record* says, in an article entitled "Sledding Rich Ore:"

"Mr. Frank J. French, manager of the Blue Jacket mine, informs the reporter that he is extending his stay from the mine in order to find twenty teams to spend the winter hauling ore from his famously rich producer. He has several teams already en route, and expects in a few days to fill up the complement. He says that from now on mining will be carried forward with more energy than heretofore, the roads being in excellent condition."

At the Decorah, the new diamond-drill is now at work testing the extent of the ore bodies, and it is understood that they are meeting with very flattering success.

At the Queen mine, development work is being carried on vigorously, and a very large body of high-grade ore is now in sight. The management expects to increase the output and be shipping twenty-five tons of ore per day by the first of next month.

At the Mineral World mine—which is a property that was discovered and located in the summer of 1899, and in November was taken under bond by a Spokane syndicate, which commenced to develop the property at once—they have already developed a shipping mine, having struck a five-foot ledge, two feet of which carries values of over two hundred dollars per ton (actual mill and concentrating test of a sample of 300 pounds of the ore). They are now sacking 500 sacks of the ore for shipment to market.

Judging from present developments in this region, there need be no hesitancy in predicting that this district is destined to become one of the main sources of copper production; and, besides, the ores carry high values in the precious metals.

The large bodies of pine timber along the line of the P. & I. N. are attracting a great many people to this locality. Several homesteads and timber and stone claims have recently been taken up, and there are a number of large companies represented here by their cruisers, who are looking up and locating the choicest tracts of pine. There have been three saw-mills installed during the past summer, and a Minnesota company is figuring on putting in a large mill early in the spring.

READY-MADE HOUSES.—Ready-made houses are getting to be quite common in the Northwest. Not long ago a factory in Manitoba, Canada, made all the parts for eleven houses that will be erected in one of the far Northwest Territories. Most of the houses are one and a half stories high, sixteen feet wide, and twenty feet long. The walls are made of four thicknesses of half-inch dressed pine, and will enclose a layer of tar paper. Each house has five windows of two lights each, and two doors, front and back. Storm-sash and doors are also being taken along for winter use. There will be two rooms, one below for living, and one above for a bedroom. In some cases the owners are taking along material to partition the lower room into three parts. The house will stand on posts or stone, if the latter is available, and will be roofed with pine or metallic shingling. The buildings are altogether too unique in design, neat in appearance, and comfortable, to be called a "prairie hut."

IN THE PALOUSE COUNTRY, WASHINGTON.

Prof. Thomas Shaw, of the Minnesota State Agricultural College and Experiment Station, in speaking of the famous Palouse Country, in Washington, says that it is so named from a tribe of Indians who at one period inhabited the region. A river bearing the same name, in its two forks, winds around through the strange undulations and empties its waters into those of the Snake River, which in turn flows into the Columbia. This region, now so famous for its immense fields of wheat, begins some fifteen miles or more south of Spokane and extends southward for about 100 miles, until it reaches the Snake River, and it has an average width of at least forty miles. In some places it is even wider than that. Here, then, is a region larger than some of the New England States, which the settlers have turned into one vast wheat-field through all its borders, and it is a field that is perhaps unrivaled in all the United States for the bountifulness of its production. There is probably no area of equal size in all America which is so prolific in the production of wheat.

The Palouse Country is somewhat uncommon in its appearance. When we hear about immense-wheat-fields we are apt to picture to ourselves a country that is level as a plain, like our own Red River Valley. On reaching this country via the Palouse & Lewiston branch of the Northern Pacific, one journeys for some twenty miles through a region of hill and valley, with more or less of timber growing on the hills, and to some extent growing also in the valleys. Gradually the trees disappear, and soon the country becomes almost absolutely treeless. The train steams on and on in the base of a winding ravine until Uniontown is reached, a distance of more than 100 miles.

During much of the entire distance the track is hemmed in by hills which in some instances have the steepness of bluffs. The hills are nearly all cultivated, and on fitting slopes of the same stand farmsteads. Many of them are now surrounded, or partially surrounded, by orchards of apple-trees, just nicely coming into bearing. Climb up these hills to the top, and on and on for miles and miles a stretch of violently undulating country lies before you. It is made up of great, huge swells and hills, with their corresponding depressions. These are the immense wheat-fields of the Palouse region, which many of the farmers say is going to grow wheat down to the end of the world without renewal or replenishment of the land. It would seem to be a fixed article of their agricultural creed, that in wheat-growing, at least, the thing that hath been is that which shall be.

Riding away down at the base of the ravine, the traveler could not realize that he was in such a wonderland of productiveness. And so it is when traveling through much of this great Western country. The builders of railroads are much prone to run them through narrow ravines with precipitous walls. A little, sluggish stream flows lazily along, or does not flow at all, in harvest time. Black walls of ragged rock frown on you from the sides of the coulees, hence the impression creeps over you, in spite of yourself, that you are in a drear and arid land, destitute alike of inhabitants or of the ability to sustain inhabitants. This, more than anything else, perhaps, is responsible for the unfavorable opinion which so many travelers have carried away regarding this land of so many agricultural surprises.

Settlers came into the borders of the Palouse Country many years ago, but in the wheat-growing portion thereof they have not been located much more than twenty years, and it would probably be correct to say that not more

than half of the land has been cultivated beyond fifteen years. It is all owned, however, and is now valued at about \$20 or a little more per acre. The farms vary in size from 160 acres to about five thousand acres, but it would probably be fair to state that the average ranchman tills about half a section. And it is also true here, as elsewhere, that the farmer with a moderately small farm well-tilled, is really more prosperous than the one with many more acres that are carelessly and imperfectly cultivated.

The farmers are in good spirits over their last year's crop. Some of them have threshed fifty bushels of winter wheat per acre. The average crop on well-tilled land has been put at twenty-five to thirty-five bushels per acre. This crop, coming immediately after the good crop of 1898, tends to fortify them in the opinion that their lands will never grow less wheat than now, and under similar modes of tillage. But while they are talking thus, if any one were to go up to the highest pinnacles of the cones on which wheat is growing, he would find evidences of a waning fertility. The wheat on the tops of these has turned prematurely yellow, and is not well filled; and, looking around on every hand, similar evidences will present themselves on many of the higher heights. The crop is suffering, first, from want of sufficient available food, and, second, from want of sufficient moisture. The soil is in need of humus.

This country furnishes some very interesting problems to the agricultural scientist. With a rainfall of about eighteen inches, the soil has been found capable of growing wheat for many years, in some instances every year, in other instances every second year, and in yet others every year with an occasional rest. About the only mode of recuperating the land practiced is the bare fallow, which is no recuperation at all. The good crops resulting from fallowing the land are the outcome of clean tillage and the retention of soil moisture. The bare fallow cannot fertilize land. It would be interesting to note how many more bushels would be reaped from such a system, even in the Palouse Country, with its wonderful fertility of soil. The crops that would best serve the purpose for thus being grown and plowed under would be winter rye, the winter vetch, the sand vetch, and it may be crimson clover, if it were found that the latter stood the winter.

The climate in the Palouse Country is on the whole good, but it has some peculiarities. The precipitation is, as stated, about eighteen inches. Sometimes there are two or three weeks' sleighing at a time, but frequently the snowfall quickly disappears. Sometimes a mild wind will cut it off, and again a stiff wind will roll it like a plaything from the hilltops into the valleys. The air is dry. The nights are cool all the year. The days in midsummer are hot. The winds of March, April, and May are pretty stiff. The rains are usually gentle, and I can imagine that after the rain the soil is pretty affectionate. The want of moisture in July and August hinders the successful growth of certain useful crops.

The soil of this country is a study. Like a petted and churlish man, it has moods, and these cannot be ignored. If plowed when just moist enough, it can be reduced to ashes if harrowed immediately; let it go a day or two, and it becomes cloddy. When dry and baked, it cannot be plowed at all. Such a soil will well repay putting humus into it. If well supplied with humus, such crops as clover, which grow but shyly now, would probably make a good growth. Who will be the first thus to experiment with the soil and determine the exact value of humus to the crops named in this paragraph?

WISCONSIN'S YOUNGEST COUNTY.

Under legislative enactment in the early spring of 1883, a portion of the southern part of Ashland County, and the northern portion of Chippewa County, Wisconsin, was detached from those counties and became the county of Sawyer, being so named in honor of Senator Philetus Sawyer, and thus becoming the youngest county in the Badger State. Rectangular in shape, it measures forty-two miles from north to south, and thirty-six miles from east to west—containing 1,824 square miles, with an average population of three to the square mile.

The county is traversed by fine roads, has elegant and commodious public buildings, fourteen schools, and a number of churches. The climate is delightful; the summer season is soft and balmy (the elevation being such as to insure pure, dry air and perfect drainage), and the winter months are cold and bracing. Cyclones and tornadoes are unknown, the water is chemically pure, and Sawyer is also one of the fourteen counties in Wisconsin that get as much rain as the State of Iowa—which is from 12 to 12.51 inches. The soil is mostly a clayey loam with streaks of loamy clay. Samples seen of the first-named soil contains 2,792 million grains to the square inch, thus making an exceptionally fine soil, from which excellent results can be derived if it be judiciously cultivated. Care should be taken to plow in the fall, however, instead of in the spring during the wet season, as this is likely to puddle the forest mold, and destroy its tilth. The loamy clay reaches 2,766 million grains to the square inch. No soils in the northern part of Wisconsin are better adapted to general farming, dairying, and stock-raising in particular, than these.

It is hardly necessary to say that the region is practically new so far as farm development is concerned, the land having been on the market in large tracts less than six months—during which period, by the way, some 7,000 acres have been sold to the settlers. The land still available amounts to about 323,000 acres, of which 293,000 is owned by lumber companies, and the rest by railroads and by the State and Government.

The 800 acres that have been under cultivation the past few years, produced in 1899 12,814 bushels of oats, 234 bushels of barley, 8,680 bushels of potatoes, 640 bushels of corn, 275 bushels of wheat, 40 bushels of rye, 965 bushels of root-crops, not including potatoes, and 1,985 tons of timothy hay. Apples raised in this county took the prize at the last Northern Wisconsin State Fair.

Sawyer County possesses many attractions. The surface is rolling, and its products are beautifully diversified. It embraces hardwood and pine timber-belts, oak openings, and rich natural meadow-lands interspersed with lakes and streams. The luxuriant growth of native grasses throughout the county affords good pasturage even in the woods. The inequality of surface, due to glacial action, has resulted in the formation of great numbers of lakes and streams, which lend a wonderful beauty, and give great diversity of scenery to the region—at the same time rendering it possible to produce a large variety of agricultural products. There are seventy-seven lakes in the county, all filled with fish. Steam launches are found on many of them, and also good hotel accommodations for the sportsman or for the quiet camper. Some of these lakes are romantically interesting—because of the ancient Indian legends, and later stories of the Hudson's Bay Company's time. One interesting story, which had its origin on the south shore of the beautiful Lac Court O'Reilles, tells of a bank which floated a series of bank notes on a confiding people. The notes were made redeemable in gold at that place, the evident supposition of the officials being that the place of redemption was so remote and obscure that no notes would ever be presented for redemption, or, being presented, that the offender would never reach the outer world alive. The name of this bank was the Lumberman's Bank of Conterelle. It was in existence in 1857, and its reputed capital was \$300,000. Now, however, in place of banks of mysterious issue and secure location, the shore of Lac Court O'Reilles is dotted with club-houses. Their equal in beauty of surrounding and architecture it would be hard to find. They are owned by prominent Wisconsin and

Eastern people, who occupy them as resorts in summer, and as hunting-lodges in the fall. The dense forests throughout the county are full of large and small game, and the lovely driveways to the lake abound in prairie-chickens and grouse.

From Lac Court O'Reilles I was driven to the northwest shore of Round Lake. Here I found a club-house, and cottages built for the public, where boats and fishing-tackle can be secured by any one. This is one of the best bass lakes in the State. The lake is also supplied with a steam launch. I could not discover why the lake was named as it was, for it is any other shape than round; but it has one succession of wooded beaches, the like of which can be found nowhere else in the Badger State. For nearly half a mile out, the bather can walk along on a bed of smooth sand, and the water that rises to his neck is as pure and limpid as Tennyson's Brook. Viewing one of these lakes, and enjoying a pleasure trip on another, it is easy to feel the sentiment that moved Buchanan Reid to sing:—

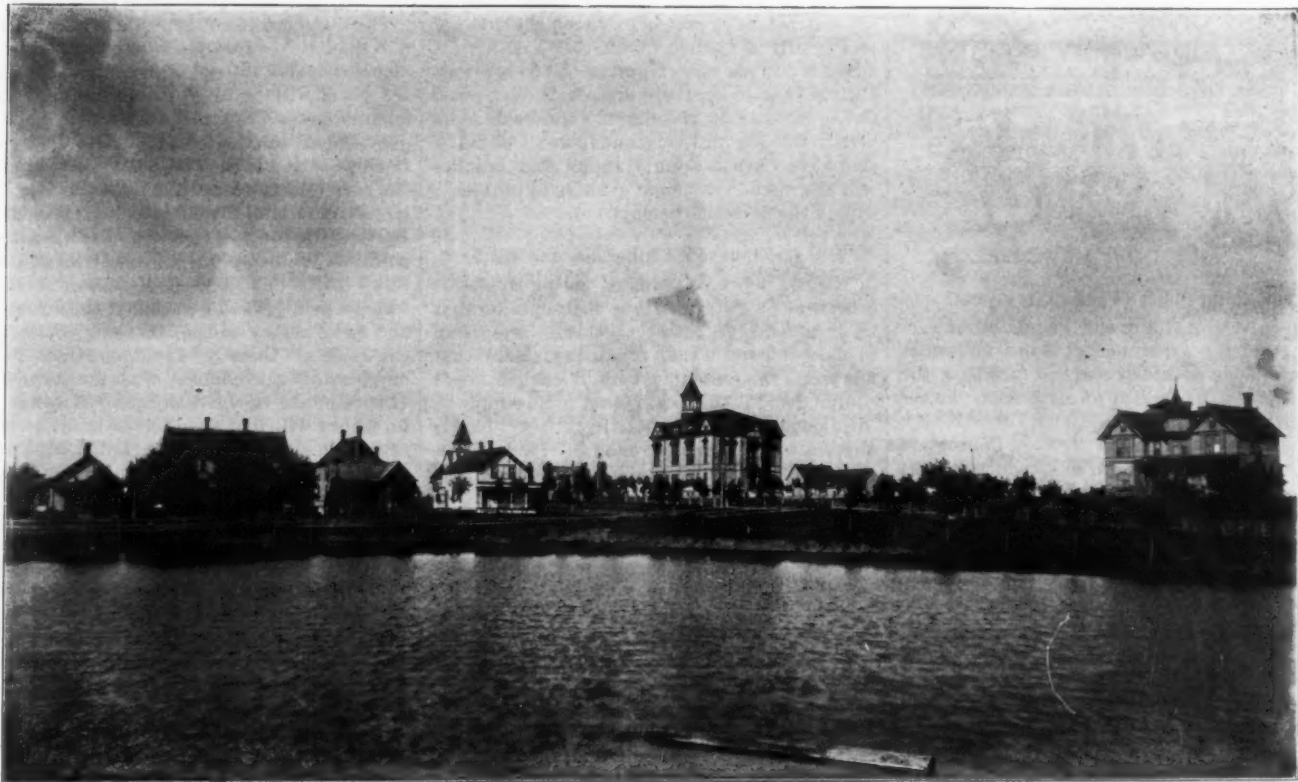
My soul today is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My tiny boat, a bird afloat,
Skims 'round the purple peaks remote.

Farther on we pass Lost Land Lake. The Government, in making its survey, missed the entire township which contains this lake, hence its name. Besides these lakes, they told me of many others whose names I do not now recall, each having attractions, peculiar to itself, for the artist, the sportsman, the naturalist, the manufacturer, and the farmer. This gives me an opportunity to speak of the necessity of pure water for stock-raising and dairy purposes. Few who are interested in this pursuit, know that a cow will drink 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of water a month, a fact which emphasizes the great importance of pure water, as well as an unlimited supply of it, if one would have well-conditioned stock and the best results therefrom. It is a well-known fact that the milk in Northern Wisconsin averages twenty-five per cent higher in butter fat than milk farther south. The Chicago markets prefer Wisconsin butter and cheese to any other.

Four rivers traverse this county. The Namakagan, a tributary of the St. Croix; Lac Court O'Reilles, and the East and West Fork of the Chippewa—the latter called Little Pah-quah-wong by the Indians, the name in some way pertaining to a peculiar turn in the river at the old trading-post, which changes its flow from a direct south to a north course, it making a bend in which 60,000,000 feet of logs can float at one time.



A GROUP OF BUILDINGS ON RICHARD PHELAN'S FARM, NEAR HAYWARD, WISCONSIN.



A GLIMPSE OF HAYWARD, SAWYER COUNTY, WISCONSIN, AND OF ITS HANDSOME PUBLIC PARK GROUNDS.

Hayward, the capital as well as the only town in the county, is located on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway, and is the most prosperous town on the line between Ashland and the Twin Cities. It is situated 1,300 feet above sea-level, has about 3,000 inhabitants, and is supplied with all the modern conveniences of a city of 10,000 or more. There are fine public buildings, the streets are paved with brick, there are about ten miles of sidewalk, a splendid water system, excellent fire protection, a free town library, four churches, and every secret society and order known to man. A better school system could not be found anywhere, and it is backed by an efficient corps of instructors. The town has many handsome residences, and, altogether, its general appearance is very pleasing, and the people are generous, thrifty, and enterprising to a degree. It is a great hay-fever resort, hundreds visiting the place every year.

The leading industry is at present lumbering, conducted by the North Wisconsin Lumber Company. The mill has a capacity for cutting 200,000 feet of lumber, 50,000 lath, and 40,000 shingles daily, a work which requires the services of 150 employees. Nor must I forget to mention the new Indian Boarding School that is soon to be erected here. The site secured is within a mile of Hayward, and the Government has already appropriated \$60,000 for the erection of the building. A section of land was donated by the North Wisconsin Lumber Company, and it is understood that the work of construction will be begun next spring. The Lac Court O'Reilles Reservation has 1,500 Indians, among them one named Ondag, who fought in the army with General Grant, and who draws a pension. He was unable to tell me how old he is. Within the years compassed by his life are many incidents and experiences of an exceedingly interesting nature, and it would have pleased me greatly to have gathered some of them from his own lips, which could recite them eloquently.

P. L. H.

OREGON PINE-NEEDLE PRODUCTS.

Oregon pine-needles, or those long, slender spears that grow on sugar-pine trees in lieu of leaves, have fallen on the ground for countless ages, to be converted into soil by the slow process of decomposition, or into ashes by the quicker medium of fire, without a thought being given to their commercial value. This condition is now to be changed. A pine-needle factory has been established at Grant's Pass, in Oregon, and hereafter all such product delivered at the plant will be paid for at the rate of five dollars a ton. As the enterprise grows, whole families may engage in picking pine-needles just as they pick grapes in California.

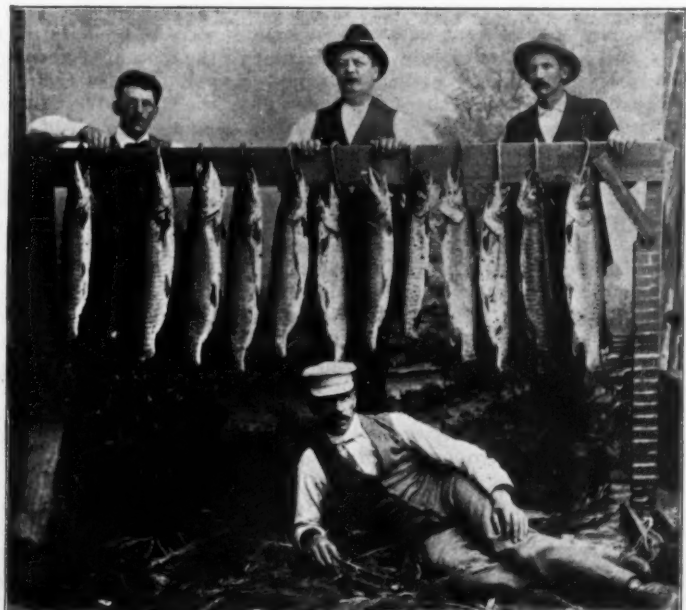
The uses to which these needles may be put are many, but Germany has hitherto had the monopoly of the business. The needles are at first boiled, and then run between horizontal wooden-rollers, where the juice is extracted and called pine-needle oil, which is supposed to possess medical properties. The pulp becomes a medicated material for upholstering, and is said to be a good substitute for horse-hair. No bugs or insects of any kind will live in furniture that has been upholstered with pine-needle wood.

The Germans make flannel underclothing of the fiber, as well as socks for men and stockings for women; while

knee-warmers, knitting-and darning-yarns, cork-soles, quilts, wadding, deafening-paper for walls, pine-needle soap, incense, and even cigars made from this raw material have been imported from Germany for forty years.

Bathing resorts have also been established by the thrifty Teutons at points where the pine-needles are crushed, and these resorts have long been popular with people afflicted with rheumatism, consumption, etc.

Another point in Oregon where a pine-needle plant may be established in the near future is Hood River. This location, it is stated, affords an unlimited supply of pine-needles, while better rates for transportation can be obtained.



A TWO HOURS' CATCH IN ONE OF SAWYER COUNTY'S SEVENTY-SEVEN LAKES.



Silk Culture in the Pacific Northwest.

The culture of silk in the Pacific Northwest has passed the experimental stage, and what has been done demonstrates the fact that the industry can be carried on here with success and profit, says the Eugene (Ore.) *Guard*.

A station was founded in Coos County, in 1893, and the results were so satisfactory that extensive preparations were made to further the enterprise, and today the foresight of the promoters is being rewarded by a goodly increase in their bank accounts.

Stock-Raising in South Dakota.

The majority of the farmers of South Dakota have profited from experience, and are now firm believers in diversified farming. The rapidity with which the creamery industry, for instance, has grown in the State during the past few years, is one of the results of this belief.

Another result, and an important one, is the purchase, and steady enlargement, of the herds of cattle on the farms of South Dakota. Inasmuch as it is the general belief that the stock industry of the State is confined to the great ranges west of the Missouri River, it would perhaps be difficult to convince the average reader that the reported sales of cattle and hogs in a single week from the farms and small ranches of that part of the State lying east of the Missouri River aggregate about \$200,000, which went into the pockets of the farmers and small stockmen.

Yet such is the case. During the past few years the farmers east of the Missouri River, in what is classed as the agricultural portion of the State, have gradually drifted into cattle-raising; and instead of selling all their corn, hay, and other feed, as was the case when their chief dependence was placed on wheat-raising, they now feed cattle and hogs of their own with the surplus, and from the sales of stock annually receive large and steady incomes, which are not affected by dry weather, hot winds, or other causes which sometimes affect crops to a serious degree.

The Growth of Horticulture in Montana.

It is doubtful whether there is a valley in the State where all the conditions are more favorable to horticultural pursuits than nature has placed at the disposal of man in the charmingly situated and exceedingly fertile valley of the Clark Fork of the Yellowstone. All up and down this majestic stream, the Red Lodge (Mont.) *Picket* says, the land, the location, and the climate are as admirably adapted to the raising of fruit as they are to the growing of grain and grasses.

Though horticulture here is yet in its earliest infancy, many young orchards give great promise, and it requires not the gift of necromancy for one to be able to predict to a certainty that the time is not far distant when the Clark Fork will be as famous for its production of apples and pears and peaches and plums and smaller fruit as is the smiling valley of the Bitter Root in Western Montana.

In this connection it is worthy of note that

Thomas Collins, whose ranch lies some four miles north of the town of Gebo, is entitled to the distinction of having gathered the first apples grown in Carbon County. While his orchard is not yet very extensive, the trees are all thrifty, and bore their first fruit last year. Other farmers on the Clark Fork have some very promising orchards, and it won't be many years ere Carbon County apples and peaches will be grown in sufficient quantities to at least supply the domestic demand.

Minnesota Canned Goods.

Griggs, Cooper & Company, the big wholesale grocers of St. Paul, give it as their opinion that no finer fruit, no better vegetables are grown in the whole world than in Minnesota, and that five times the present output of canned goods could be sold if the local plants could supply it. Mr. Cooper says that there is, in fact, "hardly any limit to the market that St. Paul affords for small fruit and vegetables packed in Minnesota. The American tin used in canning is as cheap here as anywhere. The pine or basswood for making boxes is cheaper here than in other States. Local labor, though well paid, is not too high. There is no reason whatever why St. Paul can't become as great a center for the canning trade as Baltimore ever was—no reason why St. Paul cannot eclipse Baltimore within a few years."

Pease, beans, beets and pumpkins, and tomatoes can be successfully canned here, and strawberries and raspberries as well. Nowhere, it is said, are better strawberries grown than in Ramsey County, Minnesota. "We bought thousands of bushels of strawberries," Mr. Cooper says, "at Cottage Grove this year, and preserved them in our own factory. They were splendid berries—large, sweet, and remarkably solid. When preserved, such berries remain separate and solid, and do not dissolve into seedy juice."

As Messrs. Griggs, Cooper & Company handle only the choicest canned goods in the market, their indorsement of Minnesota fruits and vegetables is of good value. This is evidently a field in which capital can be employed most advantageously, and to almost any extent. St. Paul and Minneapolis wholesale grocers could alone handle an immense output of such goods, thus supplying a most substantial basis for a great canning industry.

Pacific Coast Prosperity.

There are signs that there is a beginning of a wave of immigration which is to roll towards the State of Washington. They are coming not only from the Atlantic Coast States, but from the Middle West as well. A dispatch from St. Paul was published recently in which it was stated that twenty-five wealthy farmers from the Middle States had left on the Great Northern to buy homes in the vicinity of Seattle and Tacoma, and a party numbering 100 Hollanders from South Dakota will also go to these points to see where they can locate. They are well-to-do, and can pay cash for land. The land immigration of the two northern lines is just beginning, and promises to reach large proportions. The general inquiry is for land in Washington. The dispatch went on to say that another party of fifty from Iowa will come to Spokane some time next month.

This only bears out the prediction that has been made for some time past. People seeking new homes are looking to the Pacific Coast. It is more talked about than any other section of the country. The developments in the Orient have brought people to a sense of realizing that here is the great gateway to the new lands with which we are to trade and build up business. It is seen that the Coast is to be rich, populous, and progressive, and that of all the sections of

the country inviting settlers, no other is more favored than that which faces the Pacific.

The direction which this immigration wave will take is towards the Northwest. The immense increase in population during the next ten years will be in Washington and Oregon, and more especially in Washington. There are great opportunities for the well-to-do farmers in this State, and they are pretty certain to find the surroundings congenial from the first. The lands are fertile, the climate unsurpassed. In Eastern Washington they can raise wheat, oats, potatoes, peaches, plums, strawberries and other small fruits, and they can give their attention to hogs, poultry, and dairying at the same time, and make money by it. Excepting wheat, they can raise all these products on Puget Sound, and possibly make money with prunes or hops. If they locate in the Yakima or Kittitas valleys, they will find themselves in what is being made a veritable fruit garden, where the peaches, apricots, plums, apples, and watermelons are of the best, and the crop invariably large.

There is everything in this State to attract the immigrant. There is virgin soil, and it is rich. The list of productions embraces everything not indigenous to a tropical or semi-tropical latitude. Crop failures are unknown, and there is no battling with droughts, cloudbursts, cyclones, or grasshoppers. The climate is equable, with no extremes such as wilt people in summer and congeal them in winter. It is a favored spot, and the newcomers will appreciate this fact when they are settled. There are many splendid commonwealths in the East and Middle West, but in none of them are to be found the resources, possibilities and opportunities that exist in the Pacific Northwest.—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review*.

Sugar Beets in Oregon.

This year's beet crop, says the La Grande (Ore.) *Chronicle*, will give some good examples of the profits of sugar-beet culture, and will offset the discouragements of the initial year of beet cultivation in this valley. The crop has advanced to a stage where it is possible to make approximate estimates on the returns.

Mr. J. P. Halley, north of Island City, has twenty acres of beets which it is estimated will yield from fifteen to eighteen tons per acre. In order to be on the safe side, Mr. Halley figures that the field will yield an average of twelve tons to the acre. The analysis shows that he can expect a price of at least four dollars and a half per ton. This will give him \$54 per acre, or a gross amount of \$1,080 from the twenty acres.

Mr. Halley's expense account for seed, planting, thinning, and cultivation up to the present time has been \$200; the expense of harvesting will be six dollars per acre, and for the hauling to the factory, fifty cents per ton. The expense account for harvesting and delivery will therefore be \$220, and the total expense \$420.

Without counting rental of land, this will be a net profit of \$660 on twenty acres, or an average of \$33 net per acre. In other words, the ground will yield \$54 at the expense of \$21.

These figures are essentially exact, with the exception of the yield per acre, which can only be determined when the beets are harvested. But if the yield should be only ten tons per acre, it would still leave Mr. Halley a handsome profit, and will make his beet land easily worth a hundred dollars per acre.

Mr. Halley's field is somewhat better than the average, although it is not as good as the best stand of beets this year. As a general average, all beet fields in the valley will yield a profit in proportion to the amount of beets that are produced in excess of six tons per acre. One of the most satisfactory features of the case, in addi-

tion to the established fact that the culture is bound to be a success, is the fact that all the big beet-growers will this season recoup the loss of last year and have a profit besides.

Immensity of North Dakota's Flax Industry.

In writing to a flax paper about the flax outlook in North Dakota, a correspondent from that State says:

And in this country today flax divides the honors with wheat, and it is still a seed harvest only. When it shall once have become a flax harvest; when the thousands and hundreds of thousands of tons of flax straw which are now burnt to ashes in the fields shall be converted into flax-fiber; when this United States shall produce enough flax-fiber from its own soil to keep the \$30,000,000 which it pays to the foreigners annually for flax-fiber within its own borders; when we shall produce a flax which shall make the Englishman and the Irishman and the German come to us for their flax-fiber as they now come for their wheat, then shall the Red River Valley be richer than the Eldorado of the wildest dreams of men. Flax shall be the king, and the wide-spreading Northwest, from Wisconsin to the Pacific Coast, shall bring him tribute from twice-bearing fields.

"But you can't raise flax for fiber in your

D. On the latter trip I passed fields, extending as far as the eye could see over miles and miles of level land, embracing many thousand acres of flax rich enough to yield eighteen bushels of seed to the acre, and far more choice than the flax that would commonly be used in twine-making.

But today, or at least until yesterday, the farmer did not convert this flax straw into a hundred-dollar per ton crop for the spinner and the twine-maker. No, when the harvest was over and he gathered the seed crop to the rattling sides of the steam thresher, to have the linseed shaken out, he left the pile of straw in the field, literally mountain-high, applied the match, and in a few hours fire had consumed the most valuable part of his harvest. He has been contented with the proceeds from the linseed, and has paid Europe fancy prices for his linen, from fancy shirts down to towels and absorbent lint.

Shall this be the case any longer? American capital has answered "No." Already steps have been taken by a strong corporation to utilize this straw for the manufacture of a high-class fiber. I am credibly informed that they have already contracted for 60,000 tons of last year's flax straw, and that they have one mill finished and five others in course of erection.

pay for good school and church privileges, and are quick to see possibilities; that is, they do not value a farm wholly for what it is, but for what they are sure they can make of it. The majority are young men, sons of thrifty farmers in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, who have been attracted this way by the lower price per acre of lands that are not in any way inferior to those they have left in fertility, market facilities, money-making opportunities, or social advantages. Few come here prospecting and go home without buying. The great majority are agreeably surprised at the opportunities offered by the Northwest to young men, opportunities which do not require years of isolation and roughing it before a decent living can be made.

The people who have made the Northwest do not realize its advantages as compared to other portions of the country. It really has all the advantages of older States, and, in addition, more fertile soil and cheaper lands; and, best of all, the most vigorous, most enterprising and most intelligent population in the world. They want the best for themselves and their families, and know how to hustle and get it. They are not jealous of strangers. New people are welcomed with a heartiness that surprises them, and they feel at home and among friends



HOME AND FARM OF WILLIAM CRAIG, NEAR BOTTINEAU, BOTTINEAU COUNTY, N. D.

country," says some doubter. Well, brother, let the Red River Valley answer you. In North Dakota alone 600,000 acres have borne the harvest that will prove your objection baseless. I have myself gathered from a score of fields flax grown for nothing but the seed. I have taken that flax to the expert, and he has said to me:

"Oh, you can't find much of that in this country. That is grown for fiber, and has had special care."

I did not tell him so at the time, but the Red River Valley re-echoed my laugh as it lifted up the flax-fruitage of this one harvest alone in protest of the man's ignorance, and proclaimed its vast area of 600,000 acres of flax as good as the sample I submitted to the wiseacre.

I have here a picture taken at random from Red River Valley fields, and the sheaf of cut flax will speak for itself. Length and strength and fineness of fiber, equal to the world's best! The sheaves were found in fields close to the city of Moorhead, in Minnesota, just across the river from Fargo. The fields were found in the vast domain of the Amenla-Sharon Land Company, near Amenla, N. D.; and the field, in which the harvest had but just begun, was on the way between Hillsboro and Mayville, N.

What the West is, and Will Be.

In a recent conversation with a man who has for years been in public life in the Northwest, and who keeps close watch of important public movements, he expressed surprise when informed by the writer that the Northwest has been expanded this season by a vast number of the thriftiest class of immigrants that have ever entered its borders.

So quietly has this great tide spread itself over Minnesota and the Dakotas, that the people in the cities have scarcely noted it at all. There are signs of it in the advertisements in agricultural papers; but the city papers have not heard of it, and have no conception of the changes that this new emigration is bringing to the rural portions and the villages and smaller cities of these States.

These new home-seekers are nearly all able to pay down for a farm a snug sum in cash, and have enough left to equip it and make good improvements. Many of them pay all cash for improved farms. They are usually discriminating buyers. They know the difference between a good farm and a poor one, and they appreciate the value of location near shipping points and good shipping facilities. They are willing to

from the start, instead of like strangers in a strangeland. This is as it should be. The Northwest cannot have too many of these thrifty, well-to-do, experienced farmers. They will help pay our taxes, build our good roads, and keep up our schools and churches. They will make farms out of wild land. They will bring neighbors near together, and make rural life better worth living. They will bring their experience with them, and will teach us new methods and give us new ideas. They are better stockmen than we are, as a rule, and can tell us a few things about cattle, hogs, and sheep. They know how to grow corn, and are surprised and pleased to find some corn on most farms, and wonder why we do not grow more.

Most of them are going on prairie farms because they were brought up on prairies, and love the broad outlook and the plenty of fresh air they furnish. They are not scared by the prospect of hard work, and most of them are thrifty, temperate, and industrious,—the best kind of timber to make good Northwestern citizens. For this addition to the great Northwestern brotherhood of farmers let everybody be duly thankful. May they live long and prosper.

—St. Paul Farmer.

A NEW TOWN IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY.

Hidden away in the wilds of Northern Wisconsin, about thirty miles west of Duluth and on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railway, I found the beautiful Lake Nebagamon. This beautiful water, "far from the madding crowd"—one day smooth and calm, picturing the surrounding landscape on its bosom; the next day sparkling, blue, and dimpling under the sun's bright rays, with all sorts of unexpected nooks and coves and glens to be discovered by the nature-loving explorer, will one day be one of our loveliest summer resorts. That these beauties of nature have not remained in oblivion can be seen by the camps that are scattered about, with promise of cottages in the coming year.

The name Nebagamon is the Indian for "Fishing by Firelight," it being acknowledged by the Indians that this lake is the best in all the surrounding country for that kind of fishing; and, from the amount of fishing-tackle I saw lying about, I concluded that the white man held closely to the same piscatorial opinion.

While I was wondering what kind of fish the lake contained, a steam launch came in sight with a party of fishermen, and my curiosity was soon satisfied. To my amazement I beheld string after string of large muscullonge, some, apparently, weighing as high as fifty pounds. These were caught in one of the upper lakes, the fine black bass having been caught on the south shore of the first lake. The ladies of the party triumphantly carried baskets of brook trout from the neighboring streams.

Reluctantly leaving the lake, I turned my attention to the town—I had almost said city, for I saw two business streets with some seventy-five business establishments upon them, thus giving the place quite a metropolitan air. The buildings were apparently new, substantially built, and lighted by electricity. A fine school-building with four rooms was also in evidence. The streets are laid out with some regard to possible future complications,—an unusual thing in many towns,—one street running straight from the depot to the lake, another parallel with the lake, following which I came to the principal industry of the town, the Nebagamon Mill, familiarly called the Weyerhaeuser & Rutledge Mill, which is acknowledged by all lumbermen to be the finest and best-constructed mill in existence.

The mill proper stands on solid stone and brick piers, is 56x222 feet on the foundation, three stories high, and comprises a machinery-room, the manufacturing departments, and the filing-rooms. The power-house, 58x66 feet in dimensions, contains the immense engine, which is a 26x48 Corliss of the latest improved pattern. It has a battery of five 72x16-foot tubular boilers of the best material and most perfect construction. The sawing machinery, so far as that department is concerned, consists of two band-saws, one gang-saw, two Mogul edgers of the latest pattern, and complete lath-and-shingle-mills. The lumber sorter, outside of the mill, is 82x200 feet in dimensions. There are also eighty cars and two automatic transfer cars to convey the lumber from the mill to the yard.

The construction of this mill called for 400,000 feet of square timber, one and a half mill-

ion-brick, five hundred barrels of best Portland cement, and three hundred barrels of lime. The capacity of the mill is 150,000 feet in ten hours, and it furnishes employment to 200 men. The first anniversary of its establishment occurred on the 15th of this month. The company has seven miles of railroad connecting with the Omaha at Hawthorne, and also a branch connecting with the Northern Pacific at Wentworth; while the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic passes directly through the property. I learned that Dr. H. J. Connor is president of the company, Judge C. R. Fridley secretary, and Wm. J. Conness treasurer, all of West Superior. The resident managers are Messrs. Carr and Hunter.

Returning to the town, I called on Judge Carr, who edits the *Enterprise*, and who is also manager of the Nebagamon Land Company. In reply to my query he said:

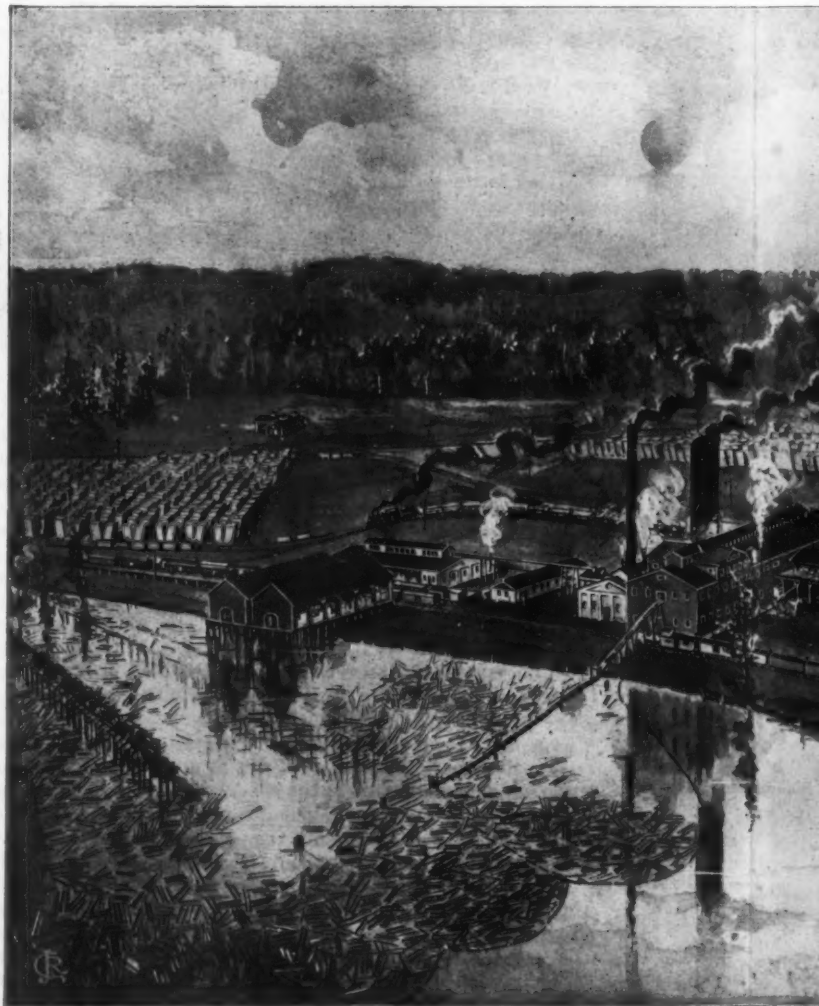
"Yes; our town is less than two years old. We have a population of 800, and expect to reach the 1,500 mark at its second anniversary. 150 children are at present enrolled in the school. We have as yet done little in an agricultural way, but that little has brought us reputation. We never made but two exhibitions at a State Fair, and on those occasions we carried off the first prize at Milwaukee, and at the North Wisconsin State Fair, the same year, we won the second prize, Bayfield County having a fruit exhibit, and taking first prize. Nebagamon's produce carried off first at the county fair last year. We have a number of Iowa farmers here who recently bought large tracts on the south shore of the lake, and who are going into the sheep business in good earnest. Already flocks of

three hundred to five hundred can be seen at the new ranches, and some of these, I am told, were imported from Scotland."

In all essentials for sheep-raising, these Northern Wisconsin counties resemble the Canadian Province of Ontario, which is universally considered to be the best developed mutton-sheep region on the Continent, and is known to be as



A VIEW OF NEBAGAMON, WISCONSIN, FROM LAKE NEBAGAMON—THE TOWN IS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.



THE FAMOUS NEBAGAMON MILL AT NEBAGAMON, DOUGLAS-COUNTY, WIS.—IT IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE NORTHWEST AND IS WORTHY TO BE THE FINEST AND BEST-CONSTRUCTED MILL IN THE NORTHWEST.



THE TOWN IS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD, YET HAS NEARLY ONE THOUSAND POPULATION.

healthful as any in the world. The effect of a cold climate on the fleece seems to favor its density and the production of a fine fiber. The good condition of the sheep also depends on the cold, dry climate, as they are less subject to parasitic and contagious diseases than those in the warmer climates.

Douglas County has as good shipping facilities

as can be found anywhere, and it is in the center of large mining districts—the Mesaba and Vermillion ranges being on one side, and the Gogebic Range on the other side. This, with the immense lumber industry in this section, which gives employment to many thousands of vigorous workingmen, furnishes a good home market for all that can be raised.

The Nebagamon Land Company has some 170,000 acres available for settlement, one-fourth of which is good hay land, and seventy-six per cent of it good farming land, and upon its holdings is an estimated 200,000,000 feet of standing timber, mostly hardwood. There are three kinds of soil, a sandy loam, with a clay subsoil; clayey loam, and along the Lake Superior boundary a red clay soil, the largest portion being a clayey loam. These are all excellent producing soils, but each needs some knowledge of its constituent elements to bring about the best results. For stock-raising there is no better country, as the tame grasses grow for years without reseeding. Timothy, Kentucky blue-grass, and red and white clover—these are to be found in great abundance—even in the woods, on old logging-roads, and almost everywhere one turns. It must be remembered, too, that this whole country is well watered by numerous lakes and rivers, all alive with brook trout. This signifies pure water, as well as glorious sport for those who delight in angling. Douglas County is also traversed by the famous Keweenaw copper-range. The whole Keweenaw formation, from the Michigan line across Northern Wisconsin, following and ending at the St. Croix River, just below the Falls, shows at many places outcroppings of copper

which will be investigated during the current year. In studying the rocks along the mineral range, the mind is carried back through the dim vista of the past to Cambrian times, when a vast sea covered the greatest portion of that part of the globe which now is the continent of North America. The angry waves, lashed to fury by the southern gales, beat against the embattled cliffs of its northern limits, and wrested from them through right of conquest much of the material that was to form the future continent. During this early struggle for supremacy between land and sea, Vulcan, aroused from his slumbers by the strife above, arose, and in his anger poured out upon the fierce combatants the molten products from his furnaces below. The strife continued, however, until the conquering land arose, regained its lost possessions, and forced the vanquished sea from the field of action. The rocks formed were folded and faulted, and thousands of feet of their upturned edges were worn away, before the sea receded from the region.

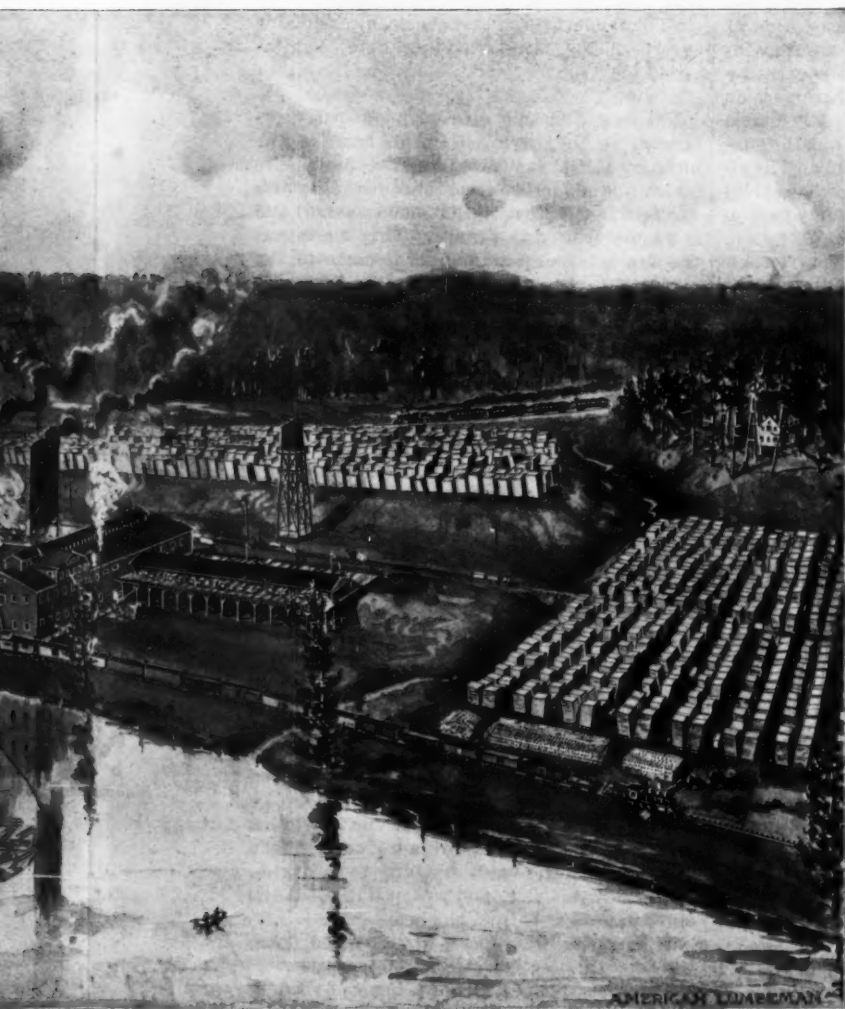
P. L. HOLLAND.

A NOTED AGRICULTURAL REGION.

Elsewhere in this number of the magazine is an interesting article from a noted farm authority on a fertile district in Washington known as the Palouse Country. He speaks glowingly of the wheat-growing capacity of the region, but says it will not be a great live-stock country until the farmers build more fences and grow more pasture. Many kinds of grass do not flourish, from want of moisture; but Australian brome grass has been quite successfully grown by Professor Spillman and others. It will probably be found that it will be wise to sow grain for pasture in various mixtures. The aid of the vetch and of winter rye can also be called in. Many of the summer fallows are now being pastured off, wild oats grow so profusely upon them. May the wild oats increase until they compel the farmers to do better farming. Corn can also be grown in this country for pasture, for soiling food, and for winter fodder, and it will pay many of the farmers to grow it, especially if they are giving any attention to dairying. The ground squirrels play much havoc with many of the crops, but Doctor Nelson, of the Pullman College station staff, expects soon to be able to deal with them as other experimenters have tried to deal with the chinch-bug—that is, to inoculate them with disease. When thus inoculated they will crawl into their holes and die, unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

The Palouse Country promises one day to be as famous for its apples as for its wheat. Prof. J. A. Balman, the very efficient horticulturist at Pullman, claims that it will one day be the most famous apple country in the United States, and the appearance of the young trees would seem to bear out his statement. The average of potatoes per acre is 200 sacks of 100 pounds each. More cherries could be grown in the Palouse Country than would supply the United States. Look out for the famous Bing cherry from that region. And pears grow equally well with apples, but peaches and prunes are not a success. Plums grow sufficiently well to make hedges and windbreaks.

All in all, the words written by Professor Shaw are very near the truth, as he saw it, but he probably underestimates the productiveness of the Palouse Country as a whole, and the permanency of the soil values. For many years these lands have given to the world their rich products of wheat, without apparent exhaustion. Yields per acre that are never dreamed of on the less productive lands of the East, the Middle West, and some of the States of the Northwest, are grown here year after year with no diminution of soil vigor worth mentioning.



WIS.—IT IS KNOWN AS THE WEYERHAEUSER & RUTLEDGE MILL, AND ALL LUMBERMEN AND BEST-CONSTRUCTED LUMBER-MILL IN EXISTENCE.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TENDERFOOT.

By Margaret Yeater.

In a pleasant home in the far East stands a slim, fair-haired young man of about middle height, and clustered around him are his mother, sisters, and small brother affectionately demonstrating their good-will and loading his memory with loving advice. A little apart stands the father, not taking part in the conversation, nor seeming to listen to it, but regarding his son with a love-laden glance, as one might look at a person whom one never expected to see again. For Adolphus Browne is a young man who has decided to make his fortune in lands foreign to his childhood's home, and, after many inquiries, he has at last heard of a large county, in one of the Western States, which boasted of not even one lawyer. It was described as being settled mainly by ranchmen and cowboys, and the principal industry was mentioned as stock-raising. Adolphus did not know what was meant by "ranchmen," but he had a vague idea that cowboys were boys who had something to do with cows. He did not expect them to prove so enlightened as himself, but beyond that he had formed no opinion of either them or the place. This seemed to be about the best opening that presented itself, however, and now he stands there ready to depart, listening to the parting advice of his mother and sisters.

"Adolphus, dear," his mother was saying, "your success will depend partly on the amount of friendship you show for these people. Be always kind and courteous to them, but at the same time do not forget your own social position."

"Just think, Dolphy," murmured one of the younger sisters; "you may become the social leader of the place!"

On a warm day in July, two travelers started from an obscure railway station for a forty-mile drive over the country. One of them was a tall, brawny son of the West who dressed in jeans and who carried firearms habitually; the other was our friend Adolphus, who up to this time has remained in blissful ignorance of what he has undertaken. After the first few miles, he tried to pass the time by talking with the driver.

"Are we near our destination?" he asked.

"Near our which?" inquired the driver.

"The place to which we are going," explained Adolphus.

"Not much," returned the other, pleasantly.

"How far is it to the next house?" continued Adolphus.

"About thirty miles," returned the Westerner, calmly.

"Wh-a-t!" gasped the lawyer.

The driver did not deign to repeat his previous assertion.

"What kind of people will I meet there?" was asked, after a lengthy pause.

"Cowboys, mostly," was the reply.

"Will it be easy to do business with them?"

"Oh, you will stand in all right, if you don't rub them the wrong way."

"That means—ah—"

"That means that you mustn't step on their corns," explained the driver.

"Ah! you mean that I must try to conciliate them," said the lawyer, brightening visibly as he began to catch the other's idea.

"Conciliate them! Well, I guess not. You had better not try anything like that, young man. The best thing that you can do is to be friendly to them. Conciliate them, indeed!" he added scornfully, and wondered privately what the word meant.

"But conciliate means to be friendly," explained Adolphus.

"Oh! it does, does it?" asked the driver savagely. Just tell me something more I don't know, will you?"

Although the invitation was warmly given, Adolphus concluded he had better not increase the other's stock of knowledge just then.

The conversation during the remainder of the journey was limited to brief remarks by the driver and monosyllabic replies on the part of his passenger. The driver was determined not to let a slight disagreement affect his sociability, but the poor lawyer was afraid to speak.

After arriving at their destination, Adolphus felt a very acute sense of depression. The town he expected to find consisted of one house. In it was a counter on which a few of the necessary articles of life were for sale; the post-office, to which the mail came once a week; and a few beds, not overclean, for the accommodation of cowboys and chance travelers. He was duly installed in one of these, and by paying extra secured the exclusive right to it. There were no neighbors for miles around, and the only female face he had seen since his arrival was the sun-browned countenance of his landlady. His efforts to make friends with the cowboys were not appreciated, and the only person who won from him and felt for him a sincere affection, was the three-year-old son of the housekeeper.

One evening as four cowboys from the nearest ranch were lounging in the place, their attention was attracted to the lawyer as he strolled leisurely past with his hands in his pockets.

"What do you think of that tenderfoot?" asked Plodding Pete, from the counter, with a quizzical glance toward his companions, as if he anticipated the reply.

A general snort was the reply.

"I ain't got no use for him," returned the first speaker. He thinks it is wrong to swear. But, then, I suppose it is the way he has been raised." This last remark was offered apologetically.

"Well, he can't chaw tobacco, neither," put in Wild Jack. "I offered him some, and he said he 'never used poison like that!' Poison!" And he laughed gleefully.

While these two were talking, it was easy to see that the most prominent one among them, a tall, dangerous-looking man called Shooting Bill, had something on his mind. He kicked his feet backwards against the sugar-barrel on which he was sitting, and frowned menacingly toward an innocent-looking syrup bucket in the corner; and not even the extremely funny idea of tobacco being a poison could elicit a smile from him. Seeing this, the others began to tease him.

"Bill's got something on his mind," said Wild Jack.

"Tell us your experience with the tenderfoot," invited Plodding Pete.

"Yes, Bill; let's have it," urged Jack.

Thus pressed, Shooting Bill opened his mouth to speak, then closed it quickly, as if his anger were not yet down to talking coolness. He rose from his seat and strode to the other end of the room and back again, then turned and faced the others as he pulled fiercely at his heavy mustache, his one vanity. Evidently his grievance was no light affair. His voice was full of explosive indignation as he made another attempt to speak.

"You know that fuzz on his upper lip that he calls a mustache, and keeps greased," he began. "Well, I'll be eternally blasted if he didn't offer me some of his dope to grease mine with!" He almost howled with rage as he uttered these words, and a dangerous look warned his hearers, as he toyed with his revolver, that it would not be well to laugh at this insult. But no one wanted to laugh. They all felt the indignity too keenly.

After an interval of respectful silence, Reddy, hitherto silent, suddenly broke out in a spasm of laughter. As soon as he could speak, he hastened to explain:

"I just couldn't help it, boys," he said. "I just happened to remember. You know that bay bronco of mine? He never gives more than one or two middlin' jumps when one gets on him—not enough to count. Well, one day I heard the tenderfoot say he would like to learn to ride; so I says, says I, 'I have a horse you can take.' 'Is he gentle?' he asked. 'Like a lamb,' says I. Well, he gets on him, and he hadn't mor'n give his preliminary jump, when the booby come sprawling to the ground. I never in my life saw a horse look so surprised as my poor beast did on that occasion. He just stood back and looked at the awkward cuss."

"The tenderfoot must have been considerable surprised, too," said Plodding Pete, meditatively.

Not long after this, on a warm Saturday afternoon, as they were sitting in front of the building, they lazily watched a prairie-fire which was advancing from the south. No alarm was felt, as the grass on that side was short and it was never used as a range. They knew that the fire must stop as soon as it came to the break.

Adolphus was also watching the fire from one of the windows of the house, when suddenly he remembered something that rendered him almost helpless for a moment. In the path of the fire was a large rock of glacial origin, sunk in a deep depression. This hollow place was filled with tall weeds, among which, close to the rock, the child had built its playhouse. Only half an hour before he had passed the place and had seen him sleeping there. He must be there yet, he thought, and the fire was now very near.

He started at full speed, and tugged at his coat as he ran, dropping it in front of the astonished cowboys.

"Wonder what's up?" remarked Reddy.

"Taking exercise, maybe," said Jack, wittily.

But it was not long a matter of doubt as to what was up. Adolphus gained one side of the rock just as the fire had reached the other side; and before he could push through the tall weeds and pick up the child, he was surrounded by flames. Seeing no way of getting out, he climbed up on the rock, holding the boy in his arms that he might be more out of reach of the flames, which were now creeping toward him. He took off his vest, and wrapped it about the child to protect it from the heat.

When the cowboys saw what he had done, they were almost speechless from surprise.

"Who'd a thought it!" gasped one of them at last.

"And we've been calling him a baby," groaned another.

"I'll break a bronco that he can ride," said Reddy, with a burst of generosity.

The fire now surrounded the rock, and as Adolphus stepped to one side to get a better footing, it caught one of his trousers' legs. As he stooped to extinguish it, the fire singed his hair and mustache, and caught the sleeve of the light shirt that he was wearing. With the child on his arm, it was difficult to put the blaze out, and his arm was badly burned.

When it was possible for him to leave the rock, he started for the house with his burden; and the cowboys, seeing him advance, set out to meet him.

"What'll we say to him, boys?" asked wild Jack, with a shamed face.

"Leave it to Bill," said Plodding Pete.

Bill looked savage, and strode on.

"Well, Mister," he said, as they met him, "I think—I—that is, I guess we have been pretty rough on you."

"You bet we have!" chorused the others.

"Don't mention it," said Adolphus, as sweetly as he could while thinking of his burned arm.

"You've got sand," continued Bill. "There's that fuzz—that mustache of yours burned. Shouldn't wonder but it will all have to come off." His voice was full of pity.

At this point the little boy, who was afraid the cowboys were not friendly, looked up and said:

"I likes Tenderfoot. 'Oo s'ant scold him no more."

"That's right, sonny!" said Bill, while the others nodded hearty applause. "But you mustn't call him 'Tenderfoot' no more. After this we are going to call him 'Mr. Browne.'"

A SECOND SALT LAKE CITY IN CANADA.

A correspondent of the Seattle (Wash.) *Times* says that few people are acquainted with the fact that Salt Lake City is not the only territory in full and undisputed possession of the Mormons. Yet such is the case, he states. Not long ago he visited Alberta, one of the British Northwest Territories, and on those northern lands he found a big colony of the Latter Day Saints, firmly established and enjoying prosperity. The colony is most unique and interesting. Some time ago a couple of hundred Mormons simply "trekked" away from Salt Lake City into the Northern wilderness, and, after marching 700 miles, came to their present location in Alberta. They soon had quite a flourishing little town, which they named Cardston. First they commenced to cut down the white firs, and, with women and children pressed into service, proceeded to erect substantial dwelling-houses, shops, stores, a blacksmith-shop, grist-mills, and saw-mills.

The place has several characteristics which are original in the extreme. New York and other large cities have their rich people who, after spending a winter of hard work in the city, leave it at the beginning of summer for the glories of the summer resorts; but there is no record of the population of an entire city deserting their homes at the beginning of March and returning in October, yet this is just what the 8,000 Mormons of Cardston do.

It is a curious custom, but as soon as the time arrives for the planting of crops, the whole population moves out in various directions and, taking up their summer residences far apart, begin industriously the pursuit of farming. When their crops are safely housed and they have gathered in the gleanings, their sociable nature asserts itself and they again take up their residence in the town, where they settle down for the winter.

As the stories of the prosperity of the new Mormon settlement have traveled abroad, oth-

ers of their kind have arrived from Salt Lake City and established new towns close at hand, till at present the colony consists of five towns, with the principal one, Cardston, as the capital of the entire community. Here are the names of the towns, with the number of inhabitants: Mountain View, 380; Etna, 390; Leavitt, 200; and the little hamlet of Colles, which boasts of but twenty-five souls. Polygamy has been entirely abolished, the men building homes and providing for the women whom they married previous to the anti-polygamy laws of Utah. The colonists are very industrious and thrifty, and they are going to work with a will to make a success of their district. The surroundings would lead one to believe that they dream of a second Salt Lake City in Canada. The foundation is well laid, and great developments must follow.

In conversation with one of them, he said: "This is the best country our people ever possessed. We are determined to improve it, and its progress cannot be retarded. We like the laws of Canada, and are well treated by the people."

The Mormons have taken a contract from the Irrigation Company to excavate and construct a portion of the canal, and, in addition to a cash subsidy, are taking a land grant, which has already been selected, amounting to 18,000 acres in two reserves of about 9,000 acres each.

As to the fitness of these people to become agriculturists, and as to the possibilities that await them, there is and can only be one conclusion. They are farmers and pioneers, or rather pioneers and farmers, and pursue farming on scientific principles. It is no haphazard work with them; and all that is necessary to demonstrate this is to visit Cardston. Here is a district which for years remained unoccupied and was given over entirely to cattle-ranches, efforts on the part of those who attempted it proving that mixed farming or grain-raising could only be successfully followed in a few localities.

When the advance guard of the Mormons arrived, the stake selected was far from other settlements, and today is over fifty miles from a railway. With long hauls to market operating against them, the colony continued to grow until they are prospering—with schools and churches open the year round, and the land being worked and crops successfully raised. The universal statement of the settlers was that it was a choice location. Farms on the hillsides and in the valleys were producing splendidly.

Having been brought under a high state of cultivation by irrigation in some parts, the rainfall in others being sufficient, all manner of grains, roots, and vegetables are grown, and in competition with those raised in other portions of the district, they have always been successful. Every farmer has a large drove of horses and cattle, and evidences of prosperity seem to exist everywhere.

The soil is good, being a brown loam with a clay subsoil. It is an open country without timber, but is well watered with rivers, and the river banks are filled with a light growth of poplar, much of which has been destroyed by fires. The country is high and rolling to the west, and many pockets are found among the hills that have good natural hay-meadows. Some places were seen on the river bottoms where there was sufficient timber to make good shelter for stock, cut into the banks alcove-like, and well wooded.

To the east the country is more undulating, and not so hilly. The soil shows better on the surface.

It is conceded at Cardston that adjacent to and near the foothills small grains can be successfully grown, it being south and west; but

north and east, irrigation is required. The grass is of an excellent quality, very nutritious and in variety, and produces fat rapidly. The cattle and horses are still at large, and hundreds were seen in good condition—horses which have had no feed, as yet, but what they found themselves. This hay cures on the ground, and is rarely frozen before maturity, but cures by nature and affords excellent winter pasture.

A cheese factory at Cardston has been profitably conducted, and there is also a cheese factory and creamery at Etna. At Cardston there is a small grist-mill, and about twenty miles distant in the timber the settlers own a saw-mill. There are at Cardston two large department stores carrying heavy stocks. They each did a business last year of between fifty thousand and seventy thousand dollars. There are also two large implement warehouses. These people raised about 100,000 bushels of grain in 1898. At Cardston is a large public school, national in character, and graduated, which employs three teachers, and has an average attendance of 150 pupils. There are also public schools established at Mountain View, at Etna, and at Leavitt, which have a large average attendance.

Quite recently the Canadian Government has decided to lend this prosperous people a helping hand, and they are constructing a big canal for irrigation purposes, fifty miles of which were to have been completed by November last. This will add greatly to the fertility of the soil, and it is intimated by the Mormons that they intend to make their colony a second Salt Lake City, a metropolis of the Far North.

THE ROMANCE OF IMNAHA.

Imnaha is an Indian word, says Newton Hibbs in the Lewiston (Id.) *Teller*. A liberal interpretation would be a song of love from the grave. This name was given to this beautiful river because an aeolian strain is often heard in the Imnaha box canyon.

This echo attracted General Howard's scouts during the Joseph war. Some Lewiston boys were acting in this capacity, and they heard this echo so distinctly that they returned and reported the discovery of a warrior band in the canyon, and said they were engaged in a war-dance. The spectacle reported was more weird than Burns' dance of the goblins. They were reported to be dancing to an unearthly music. It is needless to say that the light of day, and the nerve solace of a company of soldiers, caused the music to die in the rumble of waterfalls, and the spectral dancers to vanish to the hidden recesses of the rugged canyon.

The Indians say that a spirit sings a love-song in this grand canyon whenever winds and waters are at war. It is a belief that these elements grind up imps of darkness whenever these spectral inhabitants of the world prevail in sufficient numbers to endanger earthly men and women. In short, this Imnaha canyon, with its impregnable walls, tumbling waters and mysterious changing wind currents, is regarded with superstition. It is a mill of the Gods that grinds up the imps that are enemies of Indian mankind. It is believed that the same spirit that impels the daredevil warrior to rush to his death, brings these imps to their destruction.

There is a legend extant that the most beautiful maiden that ever belonged to the Nez Perce tribe once repaired to this canyon to sing, so that the echoes would convey her song to her dead lover; and there she was captured by the imps and taken to their caves, where she remains invisible—transformed in body, but not in spirit.

THE NEW GERMAN-RUSSIAN COÖPERATIVE ASSOCIATION AT SARONA, WISCONSIN.

By P. L. Holland.

Thanksgiving day found me waiting for a train at Spooner, Wisconsin. Happening to run across a friend, I was introduced to a gentleman who, he said, was leaving on the same train, the gentleman expressing his regret that he would only have my company for about fifteen minutes, as his destination was Sarona. As I had heard a great deal about a new co-operative colony which had recently located in Washburn County, on the line of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway, and being greatly interested in the development and progress of such an association, I asked my new acquaintance what he knew about these people. He informed me that he was a member of the association, and would be delighted to entertain me at Thanksgiving dinner, and that I could then become familiar with the domestic arrangements of the association, and get some insight into the general management and conduct of the business.

I very readily consented, and, as the train was then leaving, a very few moments found me at Sarona. My surprise can well be imagined when I remembered that I had passed this station, then called Bashaw, in the latter part of August, and at that time the entire stretch of country was one accumulation of stumps, without any sign of habitation; but today, the 30th of November, only one hundred and two days since, I saw a clear area of some twenty acres, three roomy, handsome houses, and a large barn with apparent capacity for about fifty head of stock.

While I was yet gazing at the improvements, we were ushered into the "center-house," where, in the left half, was a large dining-room with a number of tables, small and large, all spread in due Thanksgiving style. After a sumptuous meal, partaken of by the entire colony, which numbered sixty-two in all—seven men, and the remainder women and children—served by two of the young ladies, I was then taken to the private apartments of my new-found friend, where his wife and daughter delighted us with harp and zither music. After this entertainment I asked the ladies how they managed to divide their work, so as to cause no ill feeling.

"Oh, that is very easy," they replied; "we never have any trouble. There are only six of us, at present, and two do the cooking every third week. The children wash the dishes, each knowing her own particular part; then our other household matters, such as washing, sewing, and our own apartments, we look after individually, each for herself. We dress, as you see, as we please, no uniform; some caring more for dress than others, and each following her own taste. Our home life is our very own. We belong to our different churches, as our colony is not sectarian; but we are all expected to be Christians. The district has given us a teacher, and we have school upstairs over the dining-room until a separate school-building can be built, which will be in the spring. We have at present an enrollment of some thirty children."

Just then I heard a chorus of voices with organ accompaniment from above, and was informed that the children were having their own Thanksgiving song-service.

"Is your colony complete?"

"Oh, no! We are expecting a great many more in the spring; and as soon as the frost leaves the ground, we will build a number of houses planned just like these."

"How much money does it take to join us? Just what the persons may have, be it little, nothing, or much. Ours, you know, is a Christian association—for the mutual benefit of the rich and the poor alike."

I looked out of the window; the day was a drizzly, homesick day. I looked about the cheerful room; then my thoughts ran back to the happy faces of the children whom I had seen at dinner; then to the mothers, several of whom had families of seven to eleven children. They had no servants, and there were no lines of household duties photographed in their faces. They were well-informed, well-dressed, had time for reading and the practice of music, and were apparently happy and contented. I confess that it seemed to me an almost blissful state of existence.

"How did you happen to come here? I understand that you traveled all over the West in order to find a suitable location."

"We did. We were in Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, Dakota, and Minnesota. While out on one of our trips we met Mr. O. H. Osmundsen, and he spoke of a large tract of land to be found here, with suitable transportation facilities, seventy miles south of Superior, and about eighty or ninety miles northeast of the Twin Cities. We came here, and found one of the most luxuriant blue-grass, timothy, and red and white clover regions we had yet seen, together with an abundance of pure water. All this is just what we need for stock-raising purposes, as that is what we are going to give our entire attention to. As the climate is free from malaria,—which means no parasitic diseases among our cattle,—we found our 'Sarona' here, and we remained."

I asked why the name Sarona had been se-

lected. I had understood that the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway had consented to change the original name of Bashaw to Sarona at their request.

"We called our new home Sarona, taking it from the Greek name of Sharon, which is mentioned in the 65th chapter and tenth verse of Isaiah: 'And Sharon shall be a fold of flocks.' And again in the 35th chapter and second verse, which reads: 'It shall blossom abundantly and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.'"

Sharon is a district in Syria on the Mediterranean Sea, and was noted for its beauty and luxuriance, which were not surpassed by any in the world. The oranges, lemons, apricots and other fruit were the finest in all Palestine and Syria; its pomegranates and watermelons were likewise in high repute. Two important cities were situated in this district—Joppa and Lydda, Joppa having the celebrated but unsafe harbor which became the port of Jerusalem. Later, in the times of Solomon, it was used again, as the only available seaport. Joppa was also a prominent fortification in the war of the Maccabees and in the later conflicts of the Crusades, when for half a century it was alternately rebuilt and destroyed. Fifty years ago, and only two miles from Joppa, a colony was organized on the same principles as this one at Sarona, and it is still in existence; which proves that a colony so founded may exist harmoniously for any period.

In order that the principles and business methods of this association may be better understood, the following by-laws and articles of incorporation are given:

ARTICLE 1. NAME.

The name under which we unite shall be "Christian Social Association."

ART. 2. OBJECT.

The object of this Association is:—

1. To prevent an individual's getting rich or poor.
2. To engage in agriculture, manufacturing, and mercantile business by the co-operative system.
3. To promote the Christian training and the thorough education of all.
4. To take good care of all its members, and especially of the sick, the suffering, and the time-stricken.

ART. 3. CAPITAL.

The capital of this association shall consist of the non-interest-bearing loans of its members and of the common acquisition of the association.

ART. 4. MEMBERSHIP.

Any person over twenty-one years old, regardless of sex, of a good, moral character, believing in the possibility of the erection of God's Kingdom on earth, and



VIEW OF THE NORTHWEST SHORE OF ROUND LAKE, SEVEN MILES EAST OF HAYWARD, WIS.



An incorporated colony of German-Russians at their new town, Sarona, Washburn Co., Wis. Colonized June 1, 1899, by O. H. Osmundsen, Land and Emigration Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

trying to love his neighbor as himself, may become a member of this association.

2. The admission of a member shall be by the majority of two-thirds of all the voters present, and by the signing of the constitution.

3. Members who by their conduct become intolerable in the association may be expelled from the association by a majority of three-fourths of all the voters present at a business meeting of the association.

4. The association pays to each member for himself and for each of his children and others belonging to his family and residing with him an annual salary, the amount of which is to be determined at the beginning of each year by the Common Council. The different, natural and just wants of the individuals as well as the annual profit of the association shall guide the council in making this decision.

5. For the cash which a member turns into the treasury of the association, he receives a receipt from the association which shall contain all the necessary, and for all the members equal, provisions concerning such money, and which shall be in force for not more than ten years from the date of issue.

6. In case a member severs his connection with the said Christian Social Association before the expiration of ten years of his membership therein, he has no claim to a portion of the property of the association, and he shall receive only the amount, without interest, which the association has received from him at the time of his admission into the association.

7. The whole property of the association shall be conscientiously appraised in December of each year according to the true value of such property at that time, and, after the deduction of all the debts, the net value of the property shall be divided into two equal portions.

One half shall constitute the property of those members that have been continually members of the association for more than ten years. The other half shall constitute the property of minors and those persons that have been members of the association less than ten years. If a person withdraws from the association the following year, and leaves their colony, having been a member of it continuously for more than ten years, he has a just claim to such a portion of the one-half of the net property of the association as would fall to each member of the Christian Social Association who had the same rights at the time of the last appraisal.

The Common Council has to determine annually how much of the other half of the property under the circumstances shall be given to the different individuals at their different ages, in case any of the minors, or those members whose time of membership is less than ten years, should withdraw from the association during the following year.

8. In the case of death of a member of the association, his collective heirs shall have the same claims on the association which the deceased member would have had in case of his voluntary withdrawal in his lifetime.

ART. 5. OFFICERS.

1. The Board of Common Council of the Christian Social Association shall consist of six persons who shall ordinarily be elected for three years, by ballot, by a plurality of all the voters present at a regular business meeting of the association and who may be re-elected.

(a.) At the first election there shall be elected of the six members of the board: a president and a vice-president for three years; a secretary and a treasurer

for two years, and two other members of the board for one year.

(b.) The duties of the president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer shall be the same as those usually belonging to such officers.

2. The Common Council shall constitute the legislative branch of the Christian Social Association, and may pass such ordinances as may seem to them needed for the welfare of the association and as are not inconsistent with the charter, constitution and by-laws of the association. Such ordinances shall be submitted to the decision of the association whenever one-tenth of all the voters desire it. If in the opinion of the council a change in the by-laws seems desirable, they shall suggest such a change and submit it to a vote of the association for a final decision.

3. The Common Council shall have full powers to separate all the work of the association at its own discretion into branches of labor, to appoint a foreman for each division, and to dismiss him if good reasons should demand it.

4. If one-tenth of all the members of the association having a right to vote desire a special meeting for any purpose, upon receipt of a written request from them, the secretary shall immediately appoint such a meeting and give a ten days' notice of it, which notice shall give the time, place, and object of the meeting.

5. Members of the Common Council may be removed from their office by a majority of all the voters present at a regular meeting. Vacancies in the council shall be filled by the council till the next general election.

ART. 8. CHANGES.

The object of the Christian Social Association shall never be altered.

Any other portion of this constitution and of any later by-laws may be changed by two-thirds of all the voters present. Of such an intended change a notice, having the consent of one-tenth of all the resident members having the right to vote, must be given at a regular meeting, and it shall not be voted on until the following annual meeting.

ART. 9. GENERAL RULES.

1. The association warrants to each member, as far as possible, suitable employment, and it is expected that each member will work to the best of his ability at his appointed station, and to follow the directions of his foreman.

2. The association shall in no wise restrict the individual's liberty of conscience as long as that does not come in conflict with the object of the association. The association considers itself in duty bound to avoid and overcome by any and all possible, reasonable means, drunkenness and excesses of any character.

3. The association shall employ all the teachers and furnish all books and other helps conducive to the most thorough education of the children of its members.

4. Each member is entitled to the free use of a house and lot, which shall be proportionate to the needs of the family, and which shall always remain the property of the association.

5. A child shall be bound to go to school till he has completed his eighteenth year, but after school hours he may be employed in easy work suitable to his strength.

6. No member of this association shall be permitted to let his child grow up in ignorance.

7. The possible debts of the association shall never exceed one-third of the real value of its assets. A possible surplus in its treasury shall never be loaned to outsiders, but it shall be used for the common good

of the association, for the improvement and decoration of the colony, for missionary work, for the physical and mental education of the young, toward drawing and employing new members, and for founding new colonies.

ART. 10. MEETINGS.

1. Within five days after its election, the Common Council shall hold its first meeting and appoint the time for all its own regular meetings in the future.

2. The annual meeting of the association shall be held on the second Monday of January. Special meetings of the council and of the association may be appointed by the president whenever he or the council or one-tenth of the resident members entitled to vote deem it necessary.

3. A majority of the association and of the common council shall constitute a quorum at their respective meetings.

It is seen from the foregoing that this colony is founded on strict business principles and upon a basis of individual equality that shall permit of absolute justice to one and all. The people call themselves German-Russians, and in religious belief they are at present all Menonites, though they bar no one from becoming a member of their association. At the time they decided to locate in Washburn County they had with them, in the same association, quite a number of other families whose homes were in the Eastern States. Preferring to lo-



O. H. Osmundsen

cate in a warmer climate, these people severed their connection with the Christian Social Association and went into the southern part of Virginia, where they organized a colony called "The Christian Social Economy," with Mr. Otto Zech as their president. This colony has practically the same constitution and by-laws as those of the Christian Social Association, and only left them for reasons stated.

As one reads the constitution and by-laws of this colony, Bellamy's "Looking Backward" comes vividly to mind. They seem to have entered into the spirit of the idea that was uppermost in that author's mind, and hold out the helpful hand of Christian Brotherhood to one and all.

The Saronia colony was organized July 20, 1899. A few years before this, the site of the colony had been the heart of an immense forest, but the lumberman's ax and saw have done their work, and the graceful giants of the forest are no more; while civilization and progress make ready to sow to vast fields of grain the hills and valleys where, only a little while ago, the deer, the bear, and other native animals were sought by the huntsman.

scarcely take care of any more families until spring, but they can still receive a large number of single members.

Numerous letters of inquiry are constantly being received by Mr. Hiebert, which fact goes to prove that the helpful attitude of these Christian brethren toward their fellow-men has been noted by people that are many miles from them. They will turn their attention mainly to stock-raising, as stated previously, and will buy more cattle in the spring, and also a large number of sheep. A saw-mill is another thing they intend erecting, especially for their own use.

The houses are five hundred feet from the railway tracks, and in this intervening space a park is to be made and fitted up as a sort of public play-ground for their children. The town is to be platted into lots eighty-five by 120 feet in size, each lot to have, beside the dwelling, only flowers, grasses, and shade-trees. All the gardening is to be done in one large public garden. Apples, plums, grapes, and all small fruits are to be set out in this garden, in which each member of the colony has an equal share.

coming from various parts of the United States, and, what is still more to the point, they are paying higher prices for all lands purchased than before the colony was started. Washburn County presents an excellent opening for these people. The land is rolling, and the natural drainage is more nearly perfect than is usually found. A heavy clay subsoil insures their crops from damage by drought, and opens up to them the brick-making field.

Numerous lakes are dotted over this part of Wisconsin, making it not only an advantage to those having stock, in being assured of a constant supply of good water, but also in giving them a cozy and picturesque place for a home. Indeed, it is probable that no better location could have been selected by their people anywhere in the United States, and it is very fortunate that they were induced to settle there. Mr. O. H. Osmundsen, the colonizer of the colony, is entitled to a good deal of credit for having directed the association to Bashaw, now called Saronia. And, now that I am on the subject, it may be interesting to know that he has the exclusive handling of 24,000 acres adjoining the lands of the colony. These acres comprise choice hardwood timber lands varying from lightly-timbered tracts to heavy growths of those trees which are in such demand by all furniture and wood-working factories. The land has a gently-rolling surface, and a very productive clay loam soil. As others may wish to secure property in this same region, it may be well to state that the prices for this land range from six dollars to seven dollars an acre, on easy terms; that is to say, you can pay \$2.50 an acre in cash at the time of purchase, and settle for the balance in four annual installments at seven per cent interest.

In addition to this large body of land, Mr. Osmundsen also has the exclusive control of the entire tract now offered for sale in the vicinity of Hayward, in Sawyer County, Wis., a tract owned by the North Wisconsin Lumber Company. The prices of these lands vary from \$3.50 to \$7 an acre. You can pay \$1.50 per acre in cash at time of purchase, and the balance at the rate of fifty cents per acre a year at six per cent interest until all the land is paid for. These lands are also gently rolling, and they are well watered by lakes and springs. Since September 1, 1899, Mr. Osmundsen has sold 5,400 acres of these holdings to actual settlers in township 41, range 8.

As manager of the Northern Pacific Land Agency, he has large tracts of prairie lands for sale in Clay and Norman counties, Minn., also, and likewise in Sargent and Richland counties in North Dakota, the prices of these lands ranging from \$10 to \$18 per acre. Should anyone wish to inspect these lands, an application to him will secure reduced land-seekers' railway rates for that purpose. Maps, and publications containing more detailed information, will be sent free of charge to anyone who asks for them; and for any information relating to any lands in the States named, all that is necessary to do is to call upon or address the general office, O. H. Osmundsen, manager, 916 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn. He has been in the immigration business fifteen years. For ten years he devoted his attention to the lands along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and his untiring efforts in that direction resulted in bringing a large tide of immigration to the country tributary to that system. For five years the lands along the Northern Pacific Railway occupied his time, and much of their present prosperous population is the result of his work. He is now turning the tide of immigration into the lands tributary to the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway in Wisconsin, and his present



A FISHING PARTY ON LONG LAKE, WASHBURN CO., WISCONSIN.

Having owned farms in different parts of the State of Minnesota, so nearly like Wisconsin, they find but little, if any, difference in either soil or climate. Accustomed in a measure to the discomforts of pioneer life, the entire lack of wagon-roads,—of even a trail in the wild country they had chosen, failed to have a discouraging effect upon them.

Mr. Hiebert speaks in the highest terms of the kindness shown them by the officials of the C., St. P., M. & O. Railway Company in putting in a side-track and platform for them upon very short notice, and in doing all in their power for their comfort and convenience. He came four days in advance of the others of the party, to arrange for their personal needs so far as possible. On Sept. 1, 1899, the first emigrant car was side-tracked at Saronia, and the first household effects, horses, and cattle were unloaded. By Nov. 1 of the same year they had used twelve carloads of lumber and thirty-five kegs of nails, putting up their large dwelling-houses and one large barn. In their barn they now have twenty milch cows, nine horses, and turkeys, geese, and chickens in large numbers.

Their house-room being limited, they can

In their common school, which is held at present in the "center-house," they have thirty pupils, twelve of whom come from outside families. Sunday-school is held every Sunday, and occasionally they have an informal talk on religious matters by one of their number. I soon found that all meals are taken in the large dining-room first entered by me in the center-house, in which, also, is their general store, carrying a stock of dry-goods, groceries, and hardware.

They feel that they have at last found the right method of dealing with the social question; but while they are trying to live a life that shall show all men that they are true children of the true God, they do not hold that they are exalted above their fellow-men. They hold that in all men there is good, and that they are not better than their less fortunate brother who may fail to see affairs religious in the same light. It is their desire, however, to see the entire world converted to this mode of dealing with the question of social equality, and thus avoid all the discomforts and horrors of war.

Since the location of this colony, all lands joining them have been sold, settlers are still

success would seem to justify his most ambitious hopes of the future.

It only remains to say that all the property described in Wisconsin, in both Washburn and Sawyer counties, is remarkably well adapted to nearly all lines of agriculture, and especially adapted to dairying and stock-raising. The numerous beautiful lakes, the many springs, and the coursing rivers and brooks, make them exceptionally well-watered counties, and the succulent grasses, which grow to a luxurious extent, constitute the best possible forage for cattle, sheep, and all live stock.

It will not be necessary to look ahead very far in order to see in the mind's eye a picture of the most perfect and abundant prosperity, not only in the Christian Social Association at Sarona, but in the whole country roundabout. So thrifty, desirable and progressive a community is sure to gather about itself hundreds of other good families, until every acre of the land shall be put to profitable use in one way or another. When this time comes, Sarona will be one of the real garden spots of the whole Northwest.

LOVE IN THE ARCTIC ZONE.

Moose-Hide Jake is an old, old-timer on the Yukon, having put in many years along the river. He has prospected more ground and killed more moose than any man in Alaska, and during the winter of '97 and '98, when provisions were so extremely scarce in Dawson—when every man guarded his sack of flour as he would his life, and the stock of meat had been entirely consumed, Jake went up the Klondike River on the ice, killed many moose, brought them down on sleds to Dawson, and filled the market with fresh meat, thereby becoming famous as a moose-hunter, and thereafter known throughout the Klondike Country as "Moose-Hide" Jake.

Mary Lane was the first white woman to go into the Upper Yukon Country. She had cooked for the miners at Circle City and Forty-mile before the Klondike excitement. When word came down to Forty-mile that Jim Cammick had made a great strike on Bonanza Creek, a tributary of the Klondike, Mary Lane was one of the first to join the stampede from Forty-mile into the Klondike. At the time her marriage took place she was keeping a road-house on Hunker Creek, near the mouth of Last Chance, about twenty miles from Dawson City. Here the miner on his way up or down the creek could stop over night, and get a good warm bunk or a good square-meal at any hour. Mary Lane was well liked by everybody. She had staked many a poor fellow when he was on his uppers, and no miner was ever turned away from her road-house because his gold-sack was empty. Every sick miner on Hunker Creek last winter—and there were many—will remember her kindness to them in their hour of need; and there is not a miner on Hunker Creek that would not swear by her or fight for her at the drop of the hat.

Moose-Hide Jake at this time was prospecting in this locality, and was stopping at Mary Lane's road-house. Hunker Bill had been a hustling real-estate agent in Seattle at the time of the great fair, and in Chicago during the World's Fair, after which he went into the interior of South America, returning just in time to join the stampede into the Klondike in the spring of 1898. He was a man that was "on to his job," as the saying is, at all times, and on all occasions. William was his name, but on account of his many interests on Hunker Creek, he became familiarly known as "Hunker Bill."

On the morning of January 20, 1899, Hunker

Bill was cooking his breakfast in his little cabin when a Swede prospector came down from over the divide with his face and hands frozen. He had been four days coming from the Head of Flat Creek, a tributary of the Klondike. He had traveled about sixty miles, during which time the thermometer had registered between 50 and 60 degrees below zero. He told of a big strike he had made while prospecting on this creek, and gave Hunker Bill full directions how to reach there. After eating a good breakfast, he went to Dawson to record his discovery claim.

When he had gone, Hunker Bill started for Mary Lane's road-house about three miles up the creek. There he found Moose-Hide Jake, Ben Glass, "Scar-Face" Billy, Shorty Ewing, Hale Williams, and Oscar Nokes, better known on the creek as the Illinois kid, all eating a late breakfast. Mary Lane was waiting upon them. Hunker Bill told them of the Swede and the new strike, and they were not long in deciding to go on a stampede at once to the newly discovered strike to stake out some claims. Hunker Bill was to be their guiding star and lead them on to the new Eldorado. Within two hours three sleds were loaded with all the necessities for a long and severe trip—tents, stoves, furs, blankets, eatables, etc., and with five husky Mallamute dogs to each sled they started off on the trip of over sixty miles, with the thermometer at sixty-eight degrees below zero. Everybody at the road-house joined the stampede, Mary Lane included. Hunker Bill led the first five dogs, with Nokes, the Illinois kid, guiding the sled.

It took four days to reach the new discovery. It was a perilous journey; everyone of the party froze some part of the hands or face. Their eye-winkers would freeze together so that they could not see, and before they could be thawed out with their fingers their hands would become so numb that they could not get their mittens on again. Camp had to be made frequently, and quickly, too—as it only takes a few minutes for a man to freeze to death when the thermometer is from 63 to 70 degrees below zero. On the second day out they were compelled to pitch camp twelve times, but they reached the new discovery about 6 o'clock in the evening.

Scar-Face Billy built a fire in the new prospect hole where the Swede had made the new discovery, thawed out some of the gravel, brought it into the tent, and with some water melted from snow soon panned out the gravel and reported it to be about thirty-five cents to the pan. This was an exceedingly good showing, as the bed-rock had not been reached, so everybody went out and staked a claim. Mary Lane staked one joining the discovery. Moose-Hide Jake staked the one next, and so on until each one had staked a claim. Mary Lane prepared a good supper, consisting of hot biscuits, fried bacon, fried granulated potatoes, brown gravy, and good, hot coffee.

After all had eaten, and while the beans in the pot were boiling, Moose-Hide Jake, who was smoking his corn-cob pipe and had not joined in the general conversation that had been going on, but had been doing a heap of thinking, said:

"I reckon I'm what you fellows call an old-timer in this God-forsaken country. Eleven years up here will make a sour-dough stiff out of any man. Look at my hair, boys, and look at my beard. You would take me for a man about sixty, wouldn't you? I think I'm pretty well frosted for a man of thirty-six years. Eleven years ago, when I first struck the Ram-parts down the river, my hair was as black as a black cat on a dark night, but the frosts of eleven Alaskan winters have whitened the blackest hair of the strongest man, and don't

you forget it. I have seen some hard times, boys. I calculate I have run up against as much of the cold world and its hardships as any man. I have experienced too much of the loneliness of life—more than my share, I guess, and I allow I wouldn't have thought much about it now, only for Mary Jane over there.

So one evening last week, down at the round-house, I made known to Mary the exact situation as I felt it. I kinder expected she would give me the laugh, but she didn't; she just smiled and leaned over a little, and—

"Well, all right, Mary; you needn't be alarmed. I'll not tell any more.

"But what I started out to tell the boys was that we had decided to go down to Dawson and get spliced, then return back here and prospect our claims."

Hunker Bill said he was glad to hear it, and that it was all right to get married, but he could not see the necessity of going to Dawson, over eighty miles, in such cold weather as this, when he could draw up the marriage agreement that would do the business in good shape.

"You see," said Hunker Bill, "I am familiar with drawing up deeds and mortgages and land agreements, and they have always held good and fast, and I don't see why I can't draw up a simple marriage agreement."

Mary Lane said: "If Hunker Bill can draw up two agreements just alike, so Jake and I can each have one, and two of the boys will write 'we seen 'um sign,' and put their names under it, it will be good with me."

Then Hunker Bill said: "You know, Jake, I will want the regular rate for doing the job—\$10 in gold-dust. You know that is not an exorbitant price for this neck of the woods."

"That's all right," said Jake; "I call it dead cheap. You go at your agreement, and I'll have the dust ready when you have it written."

In about half an hour Hunker Bill had his \$10 in gold-dust, and Moose-Hide Jake and Mary Lane were married, each having an agreement to prove it, which ran as follows:

I, Mary Lane,
Of Yukon fame,
Do true deliverance make,
My right this day
I sign away
To little Moose-Hide Jake.
On this stampede
I have agreed
To take this Jake for mine,
To love him true
My whole life through,
And obey him all the time.

I, Moose-Hide Jake,
Mary Lane do take
For keeps through thick and thin.
This vow I make
I'll never break.
This day I will begin.
I swear tonight
By the northern light
That's waving in the sky,
To never sleep
Unless moose meat
Is hanging high and dry.

We seen 'um sign.
BEN GLASS. MARY LANE. [Seal.]
SHORTY EWING. MOOSE-HIDE JAKE. [Seal.]
I, Hunker Bill,
Of Bunker Hill,
For ten dollars take this stand—
These persons two
Are one in lieu
For the gold-dust now in hand.
They here agree,
Between us three,
To chance it and never squeal.
This they say
To me this day—
Witness my hand and seal.

HUNKER BILL. [Seal.]
Camp Flat Creek, Klondike Dist., N. W. T., Jan. 24, '99.
For the protection of both the principals signed hereto
This agreement is made in duplicate, each of same
value.
Each having an original, they are tied good and tight.
Now there'll be a hot time within this camp tonight.

HUNKER BILL. [Seal.]



A Geographical Poem.

There was a dame who lived in Maine,
She used to Bangor hair,
But Augusta wind came by one day
And laid her cranium bare.

She never walked where'er she rode,
Nor stood where'er she sat,
And she loved to listen to the music
Of the band around her hat.

Her mother was her father's wife,
And he hung out with his clothes,
And in his buttonhole he wore
A blossom from his nose.

Of dime novels she had a score,
For them she had a mania,
And just as I got in the door
She was Reading Pennsylvania.

Of brothers she had seventeen,
Some were fat and some were skinny;
Some were wheeling cabbages,
And some Wheeling West Virginia.

One of the boys was in hard luck,
And sent up as a forger,
They caught him making dollar bills,
And also Mason Georgia.

One night this girl fell in a dream,
And then fell out of bed,
For she dreamed that she loved Attie,
But Attie would not wed.

She cried, "I must Seattle,"
As she rose Tacoma hair,
But the Butte was in Montana,
'Neath the Tombstone Arizona there.

She cried, "Oh, Walla, Walla!"
See, there is Dells going to the fair,
Now, if I wear my New Jersey,
What will Delaware?"

—As recited by Ezra Kendall.

Took Him at His Word.

U. S. Senator Clark, of Montana, recently laid an asphalt walk before his Western home, and, while waiting for the composition to dry, he caused a temporary board walk to be erected, and put up a sign which read, "Take the Board Walk." Some local wags noted this, and the day after its appearance they carried off the walk and wrote under the sign the words, "We have."

A Chance for One's Imagination.

The other day a freight-train ran over a suit of old clothes, stuffed with hay, that had been put on the track by some small Minneapolis boys to have some fun with the railroad men. What the crew said when they got the train stopped and went back to pick up the remains, wouldn't look well printed in red ink on Christmas cards, but the small boys had hurried home to get in the night's wood.—*Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.*

Why the Paper was Late.

The *Budget* is late this issue owing to numerous causes, among them the moving of our power-press and printing-outfit to new quarters which we have built during the gentle autumn weather. We also had to stop and build a root-house to keep our cube roots, hard-coal, and other jewelry in. Then we paused to design and erect a winter cottage for our cow, who believes in "protection" and "good times" with milk-shakes all the year round.

It was necessary, also, to expand our cabin home to make a store-room for the private letters promising political support. Several precincts demanded our personal attention, and

are now solidly in line. We were called to St. Paul to meet Dan Gunn, Al. Ferris, Bill Seelye, and Senator Buckman, who blew in from the Windego country with a brand new repertoire of ghost stories.

We have also delivered several addresses on diversified subjects during the month, have learned the machinist's trade, put up three stovepipes, picked up a few hundred subscribers to this paper, and learned to play God Save the Queen on a gasoline engine. There were other things, and some sorrows all our own, but of these we cannot speak.—*Bede's Pine City (Minn.) Budget.*

Virtue's Reward.

A bright little Minnesota miss of eight brief summers recently produced the following essay on the familiar axiom that "virtue is its own reward":

"Once there was a poor young man who was in love with a rich girl whose mother owned a large candy store. The young man wanted to marry the candy lady's daughter very badly, and she wanted to marry him, but he was too poor to buy furniture.

"One day a bad man came to him and offered him \$25 to become a drunkard. The poor man was dreadfully tempted, because he wanted to become rich enough to marry the candy-store lady's beautiful daughter; but when he got to the saloon door with the bad man, he said, 'I will not break my pledge even to get rich. Get thee behind me, Satan.' So on his way home he found a pocketbook containing \$1,000,000 in gold. So he went and told the candy-store lady's daughter, and they were married. They had a lovely wedding, and the next week they had twins. Thus we see that 'virtue is its own reward.'"—*Neche (N. D.) Chronotype.*

Poison's Prize Butter.

Poison Carrot's mother-in-law has taken the prize for butter-making in the township where the family live. Poison was tickled to death about it, and sat around the fire nights praising his mother-in-law in sled lengths, until he made the hired man, who has a grudge against the old lady, mad; and after going to bed he decided to fix the next churning so that it could walk.

The next day the hired man fed the cows on turnips that tasted like summer in a soap-factory, and Poison's mother-in-law kept on skimming milk and making butter for town. There could be no mistake about the butter being good, and it all went to town, and Poison went with it. He explained to the groceryman that he was selling prize butter, and if he gave him anything over the market price he would keep still about it and take the difference in smoking-tobacco.

The groceryman said he would taste the butter, and Poison began to pick out his tobacco. What the groceryman put in his mouth made him sick, and he told poison to cover up his prize butter and get out; and the groceryman took a swallow of vinegar to take the taste out of his mouth.

Poison was mad, but he thought the groceryman had a felt-over taste in his mouth, and he tried the butter himself. Poison can eat a boiled boot, when he is hungry, but the flavor the hired man had got into that butter stopped up his appetite, and with a sad heart he carried the butter back to the rig, and without doing any trading, hurried home as fast as his new horse, Quovadis, who was lame from trading, could go. He was in a hurry to see the hired man, who, he remembered, was laughing instead of chopping wood when he had started for town with the butter.—*E. H. Pierce in Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.*

A Funny Legislative Bill.

The *Chicago Railway Age* says that the following bill (framed, as will be seen, in the official language of the State), has been introduced in the North Dakota Legislature by Representative Yonson, though it is not stated whether the introducer is "Ole or Yon."

"Sexshun 1. Dar ban hereby kreated a bord kalled a a bord of relrod passes.

Sexshun 2. De bord skal consist on five mambars, en hae skal hold haes offices yust so long as hae kan do bisness, if he don't di.

Sexshun 3. Efry mamber skal hae tusen dollar salary efry yar, which skal be paid by relrod kompany en kash, gude panger efry week.

Sexshun 4. Efry Poplest faller ho got ofies een State of Nort Dakota skal hae relrod pass, en efry Poplest mamber on Legislatoor skal hae two pass.

"Sexshun 5. Ven faller loose pass, hae skal rade yust de sam, provided hae kan prove hae ban gude Poplest, en provide funder, ef hea got two jeer's viskers, et skal be primy fashy eksklusiv evidens dat hae ban Poplest and gude stand oop.

"Sexshun 6. Ef relrod refoos to let faller rade on pass or viskers, hae skal go en yail bay Besmarck et hard labor for trae yar, en dae relrod skal be confiscate.

"Sexshun 7. De bord skal isoo pass right away, en de virst yob ob de State prenter skal ba to prent de pass, Prowide, det de State prenter may hire all de halp hae vants so hae do de bisness quick.

"Sexshun 8. Des ack skal tak effeck yust so soon es et pass one house, en skal not be subject to weto bay de govner.

"Sexshun 9. Des ack skal be approve bay de mamber det introdoos de bill.

"Sexshun 10. Des law skal be en effeck yust so long as de Poplest got majority een Legislatoor; eny tayme ven Republikan get majority, de law ban repeal right away.

"Vareas, En oful submergencies exist vareby planty Poplest faller hae to putet oop gude panger to kom bay kapitolan relrod; now, darefore, des ack skal tak effeck from en sence de last elxshun een November, en efry faller's money skal bay paid back right away quick on demand bay de relrod kompany or go to yail."

Joys of Camping.

Several good stories are told on a number of young men who returned this week from a hunting-trip in the mountains. They were away up at the head of a certain creek, and were camped for the night, when suddenly one of the boys let out a fearful yell, and called loudly for a gun. The balance of the party struck a light and went to his relief, finding him sitting up in bed, with his eyes popping out of his head, and his whole form shivering with fright and cold.

Between shivers he managed to tell how he had been awakened by feeling something cold and slimy crawling next to his skin in the bed, and, discovering that it was a snake, he threw it out with a yell. Before the boys got to him he had thrown two more out.

The boys pacified him as well as they could, hid the demijohn, and things were quiet for the rest of the night. The young man who saw snakes, however, insisted upon it next morning that there had been snakes in his bed, and for days afterward he would jump and yell whenever a grasshopper chirped.

Another story, told on a member of the same party, is that on his way out to the camping-grounds the party came to some bars which had to be opened to let the team through. The young man alluded to, whom we will call "Jerry," was riding horseback, and went ahead to

let the bars down. He performed his duty, the team went through, Jerry put up the bars, and then the rest heard him ejaculate:

"How in thunder am I going to get that horse through?"

He had left the animal on the other side, and had forgotten all about him.—*Great Falls (Mont.) Herald.*

Salting a Negro Thief.

Speaking of effective remedies, Mr. Dickman tells a story of curing a negro of stealing. This happened at the company's mill at Bodcaw. A big, loafing negro named Jim, an inveterate pilferer and liar, was caught by the clerk stealing some cheese from the store counter. As he had a large chunk of it in his mouth when caught, Jim couldn't well deny the theft.

"You're a dead man, Jim," said the clerk, with a well-feigned look of horror. "That cheese had rough on rats in it."

"Oh, lordy, boss! Is dat so? Say, boss, fer Gawd sakes caln't yuh do nuffin fer me?"

"Salts is the only thing to help you," said the clerk. "A good dose of salts might save your life."

"Den gimme dat quick, quick, boss!"

So the clerk measured out a handful of glauber salts, and dissolved it in a dipper of water. This Jim tossed off like a thimbleful of whisky.

"If that doesn't work in half an hour, come in for some more," said the clerk.

In about ten minutes Jim came back, afraid that the dose was not going to save his life. He begged for more salts, and got a duplicate dose. In a few minutes he was back again, at which time, the doctor being in the store, the clerk told him, with an explanatory wink, that Jim had eaten cheese containing rough on rats. What was the best remedy for it?

"Salts," said the doctor; "a good dose of salts." So Jim took another dose.

"If you should feel a griping pain in your abdomen," said the doctor, "that's the poison working. Come back and get some more salts."

In a few moments back came Jim:

"Oh, boss! Ise got de misery in my belly, shore nuff. Gimme me some salts." And he got the salts.

For three days Jim remained out of sight. When he reappeared he was a changed man, meek and weak, and as pale as a man of his color might reasonably be.—*Mississippi Valley Lumberman.*

What Canadian Bachelors Need.

Miss Shaw, the noted colonial correspondent of the *London Times*, has, with that brilliancy of vision for which we look in vain in ordinary females, outlined a scheme by which the mother country may be relieved of her excess stock of genteel females, and the Western bachelor be made happy by possessing a helpmeet and comforter in his lonely shack. She has found a warm advocate of this beneficent scheme in Mrs. Fitzgibbon, who advocates, in the *Toronto Globe*, the establishment of a Western college, in which these single ladies may qualify themselves to run the establishment of a home-steader.

It is just within the bounds of possibility that a globe-trotter like Miss Shaw has not had time in the observations made in her ride across the continent to understand fully the accomplishments and qualities desirable in a Western prairie-farmer's wife. There is a glamour in the atmosphere, and such an excess of ozone that ladies of her type of mind are liable to get giddy and oblivious to the cold facts of the case. We would therefore commend to her careful consideration the following suggestions

from a correspondent who has evidently been there and knows all about it. He says:

"I hasten to assure the philanthropists of the East of my hearty concurrence in and approval of the scheme, and to point out that to achieve the best results it must be executed on the broadest lines. The fullest possible information should be obtained, as any mistake may prove fatal to the complete success which I predict for the scheme if carried out on right lines.

"In the first place, the prime qualification to be secured in all cases at whatever sacrifice, is toughness. Different types succeed best in different localities, and these will be discussed later. But toughness is the first essential. Our climate is a hard one, and, railway freights being heavy, it will not pay to import those classes which cannot be reasonably expected to stand our winters without too expensive quarters. A competent authority should make a thorough examination to see that they are sound in wind and limb, and have good teeth. Bad teeth are a frequent cause of indigestion, because in the winter our frozen foods are hard to masticate. Boiling is expensive, and by all economical managers is avoided.

"For the northwestern part of the Province, large and rangy females with good bones should be selected, as this aids materially in handling an ax, which is necessary in the woods. As fuel is plentiful, these may be dark-colored, but in the south and west none but light colors should be selected, as fuel is scarce, and dark-haired specimens always require the most heat.

"Those intended for the lakes should have the proper waddle, which fits them for balancing a canoe, and they should be hard at the

mouth to permit of them holding the trolleying line between the lips. Those that are thick-set and well-built might well be located along the line of the Dauphin Railway, as the digging will be pretty heavy.

"Leanness, provided it does not indicate any disease, is rather a good quality, for experience proves that this class fatten more rapidly on our coarse foods, and, besides taking up less room, more can be shipped per car, which is an important consideration.

"The fact that needs to be impressed on Eastern philanthropists is that the time has now arrived when Western Canada must give more attention to quality than to quantity. Value is what we want. There are plenty of women here, but only a fraction are the right kind; the rest are only moderately profitable, and in these days of keen competition we must rigidly adhere to the most profitable type if we are to hope for success. In the past, some have not been of a contented disposition. All who have studied this matter know how much this has to do with easy maintenance. Our main winter foods, in addition to the coarse foods mentioned above, are frozen tallow and dried shagganappi; and unless the Eastern importations can thrive on this, and come out in good condition in the spring, it is useless to send them West. We have too many of that kind here now.

"In conclusion, what we want is a tough, thrifty, bony, general-purpose class, and it is assumed that pedigrees will be sent with each importation, and that nothing lower than high grades will be accepted, even to fill up cars."—*Manitoba Paper.*



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ST. PAUL, JANUARY, 1900.

HIS WORK FINISHED.

When at midnight on December 29th the late editor and publisher of this magazine closed his eyes in dreamless sleep, the country lost one of its most active and influential intellects, and the Northwest said farewell to its best friend. We who write these lines knew him well. Nearly five years of close association in editorial work revealed to us all the lights and shades of his kindly nature, all the depths and earnestness of his great soul and vigorous mind. Ever patient, ever generous and helpful, his very superiority only served to endear him more and more to those who came within the circle of his genial influence. He was just, and he was honest; just in his dealings with others, honest in all the opinions held and advocated by him. A man of marked convictions, he never feared to give expression to them, and never could understand why other men should think less of him for doing so. His own nature was too broad and too deep to permit of his stooping to many of the ways that characterize the newspaper fraternity. He persistently declined to avail himself of his powers of sarcasm, irony, and invective, claiming that that man had indeed a bad cause who must needs defend it with weapons which he would never think of using in ordinary intercourse with his fellow-men. Scholarly, and of rather a philosophical turn of mind, his work was distinguished by a breadth of thought and thoroughness of understanding which made him an authority on many important subjects. He was never idle. Nature meant him to be just what he was—a journalist; but we cannot believe that this same kindly Nature meant that the sands of his life should run through the hour-glass so quickly.

That his wonderful mentality and tireless, unceasing application to work shortened his days, no one who knows him can doubt. He possessed a remarkable memory. It was a veritable storehouse of pregnant facts and potent reminiscences. It was from this storehouse

that he drew an apparently exhaustless stream of entertaining converse with the general public. He contributed to the leading magazines, was a staff correspondent of several influential metropolitan dailies, and at the same time gave careful attention to his regular duties. Perhaps he knew no period of greater activity than that which marked his work in the Northwest from the establishment of his magazine in 1883 to about the year 1893. He traversed the entire Northwest country annually. There was scarcely a county that he did not visit, and there was naught about the country that he did not know. He knew the soils of the various States, he was an authority on their water-courses, and he could name every present and prospective advantage possessed by them. All this great country was described by him repeatedly; and so powerfully graphic, so intensely interesting, and so absolutely reliable was his work, that he was regarded as the ablest and most trustworthy authority on all that concerned the western division of the Union. He labored indefatigably to bring new people into the Northwest, to develop its great natural resources, and to inform the outside world of its mighty possibilities. His magazine was read everywhere, and the good it accomplished received almost universal acknowledgement.

Now the tired brain is at rest. Though he laid down his pen just when his powers were ripest—just when the sun of his influence was at its zenith, he yet had crowded into his life more work than is usually compassed by hoary age. His loved magazine will go on, pursuing its old-time course, going to its old-time friends, and striving earnestly to exercise its old-time influence for good, but the hand that founded it, and the mind that illuminated its pages for so many years, have gone to take up a new mission on the other side of life's divide.

GOVERNMENT AID TO IRRIGATION.

In the first article of this number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, Mr. Guy E. Mitchell, secretary of the National Irrigation Association, presents strong arguments why the Government should assume the burden of gathering the flood-waters of the arid regions of the West in great reservoirs for the purpose of rendering cultivable the millions of acres of waste lands that are now valueless. Mr. Mitchell is not a visionary writer. He owns and cultivates a farm in Virginia, he has spent years in the Michigan fruit belt, he has been a close student at the Michigan Agricultural College, and he has studied irrigation in all its variations in Nicaragua and elsewhere. The views advocated by him are also held by many other progressive men that have given thought to the arid-land question; yet they are, and will continue to be, opposed by men of equal ability who see in them a class protection that would bind the Government to extend aid to other enterprises without end.

So, what shall be done? It must be admitted that the ceding to the various State governments in the arid and semi-arid regions of a million acres each has not borne the fruit that was anticipated. The redemption of these lands has so far proven too big a task for the States to undertake. Some of them have begun the work in a piecemeal sort of way, but it would require a half-century for them to do what the Federal Government could doubtless do in half a decade. That the Government will not undertake the task of redeeming its arid-lands, however, is almost a foregone conclusion. Not so much because it ought not, as for the reason that Congress will never take the money of all the people to spend it for the benefit of a few localities in the West. It is

very true that the redemption of millions of acres of arid Western lands would enrich the entire country so far as its productive capacity is concerned, but against this big admission and great benefit are the geographical prejudices of the South and the East, where the people are already suffering from the competition of the cheaper lands and larger yields of the West. Representatives from those States can hardly be expected to give aid to a national irrigation scheme that shall bring other millions of cheap lands into competition with their home people. Their patriotism is sure to be sacrificed to local influences; so that the proposed legislation bears a hopeless aspect from the start.

The better way, perhaps, is for the Government to give all its arid lands to the States in which they are located, under conditions that shall cause the redemption of certain areas within certain periods of time. With the progress that is now being made in all the Western and Northwestern States, it will be but a few years until each of them will have provided ample funds for the furtherance of such special work in a permanent way and on a large scale. It will be easy for them to use the lands as a basis of credit to raise money for the construction of canals, if they so desire, and in this manner the desert areas could be made to produce wealth without Government aid and in spite of geographical opposition.

THE NORTHWEST IN 1900.

So far as this country is concerned, the closing year of the nineteenth century dawns upon a prosperous people. A review of the year just passed leaves no ground for sigh but hope—brings to light no legacy that shall cripple our energies and retard national growth and enterprise. The bank clearances of the country have broken all previous records, business failures have been small in number and in liabilities, and there has been a wonderful expansion in all the great industrial lines. In agriculture, in mining, in lumbering, in railroading, and in commerce great advances have been made. There is no longer any fear of relapsing into a panicky period; the hard-time years are gone for good, or until another era of inflated values shall come upon us.

Throughout the Northwestern States the situation is very encouraging. The good crops and prices of 1898-99 put millions of new money into circulation and stimulated productive energies everywhere. Store debts have been paid, farm mortgages have been lifted, and lands have come into active demand again. In St. Paul and Minneapolis, in Duluth and Superior, and in all the towns and cities between Lake Michigan on the East and the Pacific Coast on the West, marked improvement is evidenced. Among jobbers, the past year has been the best they have ever known; and among manufacturers,—although there are still a few small and insufficiently-capitalized concerns that have not yet recovered from the losing years of the depressed period,—it is gratifying to know that the great majority, especially the large and important interests of the country, have actually been unable to fill their orders, so steady and strong have been the demands for industrial products. This is always an unfailing sign that the people of a country are prosperous. The hum of factories keeps rhythmical accompaniment to busy times on farms and in mines and woodland.

Of the coming year no doubt need be entertained. It will be a year of general advancement. Our Northwestern banks are so full of money that we are now for the first time financially independent of the East, and this

money will go to better conditions in town and country alike. Building improvements were very notable in 1899, and will be of equal or greater volume in 1900. The live-stock industry is receiving more substantial encouragement than it has known for years, agricultural interests are more active and stable than they have been since 1890, and our varied mineral resources—from the iron-ore fields in Minnesota to the gold, silver, coal and copper deposits of the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon—are being developed on a larger, more vigorous and more successful scale than ever before. The steady rise in lumber values has also made that industry a prosperous and growing one, and the sum total has brought good times to transportation systems, and influenced a new tide of immigration that bids fair to surpass any similar movement of the past. Kind as the old year was to the Northwest, the smiling new year is so full of hope and promise that there is naught to regret.

MINNESOTA BEET SUGAR.

The output of sugar at the Minnesota beet-sugar factory at St. Louis Park this season is twice as large as it was last year,—the first season, and the factory ran twice as long. It is expected that in 1900 it will make six million pounds of sugar, and run half the year. It is merely a question of getting the beets within economical shipping distance.

Last year the factory had ten experts in the field delivering free lectures on the possibilities of sugar culture in Minnesota, and after the planting was over the men were sent into the field to advise the best farmers about the treatment of their crops and the time of the second and third hoeing, and so on. Those that tried it the first year almost invariably repeated the experiment last summer.

Mr. Thedin, the manager, says that they have been successful in demonstrating that Minnesota is a better country for beet culture than Michigan, and as good as California. It is proved by the saccharine tests and by the farmers' figures. The average price has been \$4 50 a ton for the beets, which has brought the farmers an average of \$60 an acre, about \$35 clear.

The sugar—4,340,166 pounds—is all taken by the Twin City jobbers, and it will still be some time before Minnesota has sugar for export. St. Paul and Minneapolis consume about twelve carloads a day, so that the production will not catch up with the local demand before it has been multiplied many fold.

A SILVER FOX IN CAPTIVITY.

The *Wabigoon Star*, published across the line in Ontario, Canada, says that a Mr. Robinson of that town is in possession of a beautiful live silver fox which he recently purchased from a man in Dryden, who had caught the pretty animal in a trap. One of its paws was injured to some extent, but careful treatment soon restored it to its normal state of usefulness, and the fox took kindly to its captive life.

The fur of a silver fox is among the most valuable now on the market, and just what Mr. Robinson will do with his prize is uncertain. If it seems to pine away it will probably be killed before its fur is injured, but one would imagine that there would be a ready sale for the live animal, if not as a curiosity, then as an advertisement to specialists in fur. From a sentimental point of view, it is to be hoped that this rare animal will not have to be sacrificed for the value of its pelt. So far as is known, this is the only silver fox in the world which is alive in captivity.



CATTLEMEN at the annual meeting of the executive committee of the Northern Montana Round-up Association, recently held in Helena, were very buoyant over the good prices which their beeves brought during the year, and the exceptionally fine condition in which their cattle enter upon the long winter period. Prices have been higher and steadier than at any time since 1885, and this and good feed have combined to make Montana cattlemen happy.

AN instance of the good that occasionally comes out of the general movement for organizing trusts and other large business combinations is furnished by the cities at the head of Lake Superior. A number of plants were built in Duluth and Superior during the boom period for the purpose of making steel and articles from steel. Their primary purpose, doubtless, was to sell real estate, and, having accomplished this, they fell into a condition of inactivity. A few months ago all these plants were bought by a strong syndicate known as the Lake Superior Steel Company, and now they will be combined under one management and be made productive.

IN building fish hatcheries and enacting wise laws for the preservation of its piscatorial interests, the State of Washington has made an investment which is already yielding magnificent returns. The salmon-packing industry alone has grown to one of large magnitude, and each succeeding year witnesses a creditable increase. During 1899 the salmon-pack of Puget Sound scored a gain of fifty per cent over the pack of 1898, the total having been 600,000 cases as against 400,000 for the previous year. Over \$2,000,000 will be brought to the Puget Sound region by this one industry. The distribution of this money to cannery employees, can-factories, box-factories, fishermen, and other laborers in the same field, is vastly helpful to all Sound interests, and constitutes a notable yearly addition to the State's wealth.

IT is now established past all doubt that Alaska is one of the most resourceful Territories ever acquired by the United States. The wisdom of its purchase from Russia has been demonstrated time and again. Little as we know of it and its resources, this little suffices to make us appreciative of its vast possibilities. The seal industry and fishing interests have alone compensated us over and over again for the original outlay, and now come the stories of its immense golden wealth, to be had for the mere labor of digging it from the earth. Wherever prospectors go, there gold is found. In a few years the waste places of this great Territory will be more or less inhabited by hardy American pioneers, who will quickly bring to light whatever riches now lie hidden in mountains and valleys, and in gulches and streams. It is quite probable that this northernmost possession is to be to the rest of the country a veritable treasure-land.

To colonize our Northern Minnesota pineries with a select assortment of the sick, the lame, and the otherwise crippled and physically de-

generate mortals of the country may not be half so bad an idea as its opponents think it. Out in Colorado the main objection to consumptives and other half-sick people is the fact that, going to the State for health alone, the majority of them seek an economical mode of existence rather than a luxurious one. They are quite satisfied if they can but make their expenses; and to do this they center in the towns and cities, and sell their services to store-keepers and office men at board-and-lodging wages. As a result, large numbers of men and women who reside in those places permanently, and who have a right to look to the industries therein for support, are forced to either accept immoderately low salaries or to move elsewhere.

SUCH objections would not obtain in the forest reserves of Minnesota. There would be no large towns and cities for cheap labor to invade. It would be a resort for the well-to-do only. Those who sought the balsamic shades would domicile themselves in cottages, in boarding-houses and hotels, or seek the special advantages afforded by sanitariums, and their money would add largely to the store of local wealth. They would be as a separate people, too, for no one need to enter the reserve against his will—no one need hobnob with placarded disease unless he should voluntarily seek such companionship. Disease, like poverty, is with us always. If it can be segregated, even to a small degree, the result would justify every measure looking to that end. In return for the money that would be brought into the State by this new industry, and the health-reputation that would follow it, Minnesota's pine forests would bestow new joy of life and a reinvigorated and reinforced citizenship. Properly advertised and properly conducted, a national philanthropy of this description would be worth much more to the State than the mere land and timber value of the tracts that are included in the proposed reserve.

TRANSPORTATION companies are so sure that there is to be a great rush to the Cape Nome Country in Alaska next spring, that they are making every effort to be prepared for it. Whatever they do, however, the means are almost certain to be totally inadequate to the demands. Many men have already gone to Puget Sound ports to winter there, in order to be in position to avail themselves of the earliest boat service between Tacoma and Seattle and the Behring Strait region, where the new placer fields are located. The hegira bids fair to rival, even if it does not exceed, the first mad rush of gold-seekers to the Klondike—a movement which lifted the Coast cities out of the slums of depression, and brought to them greater prosperity than they had ever known before. The new diggings are so vast in extent, so easily reached, and so rich withal, that thousands of men, unable to resist their allurements, will flock thither in search of the golden fleece.

IT is reported that the farmers of Garfield and Columbia counties in Washington are dissatisfied with present railway facilities in that section, and are determined to build a line of their own to some point on the Columbia River ninety miles or so west of them. They have already subscribed a capital stock of \$300,000 in shares of one dollar each, and the enterprise is said to be gaining in enthusiasm daily. Most of the work, such as grading, teaming, etc., will be done by themselves, payment therefor being taken in stock. The only trouble with all such enterprises is that they never materialize. The projectors may obtain right of way

and grade a few miles of road-bed, but beyond this point they never get. Railway construction is not in a farmer's line of business. He may entertain the blissful dream that it is the easiest road to independence on earth, and that very little is needed in the practical operation of the road, but sooner or later he awakens to the fact that he does not know anything about it, and that it would be better for him to let the job out to men who make a study of such things.

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A SIMILAR spasm of railway building was indulged by the farmers of Minnesota a year or so ago. It was called "Farmer Hines'" railway. Hines held meetings all along the projected line, and convinced many of the farmers that it was the easiest thing in the world to build a two-hundred-fifty-mile road that should carry their grain to Lake Superior ports for almost nothing. Under the co-operative plan they actually succeeded in partially grading about eighty miles of road-bed. Then the scheme failed. Money was needed, and the farmers did not have it—or they did not see fit to hand it over. Hines went East and sought to interest outside capital, but no one wanted to enter such a partnership. So it all went by the board; and today the eighty miles of grading is owned and controlled by one of the old companies, and all the farmers have to show for their work is a lot of worthless stock. Let the shoemaker stick to his last. There is no lack of railway building in this country. The various companies are always ready to build wherever they can see either present or future profit, and it may be taken for granted that they have studied well the possible resources of all contiguous territory.

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Or all events in a miner's life, the finding of a nugget of gold is the one longest remembered. Nuggets are his hopes by day and his dreams by night. If he can only find a big mass of the yellow metal in one tempting, solid lump, his happiness is made and he will look back to the day with the same softly-voluptuous pleasure felt by a child when he recalls his first tin toy on wheels. Not long ago the largest nugget yet found in the Klondike was taken out by Peter George and Lewis Swanson from a claim on El Dorado Creek. It weighed seventy-two ounces of pure gold, and it was worth, at \$16 an ounce, \$1,158. Down went their pans and picks, and away they marched to Dawson City, to display their prize. Old miners feasted upon it as though it were a Kohinoor, and for a brief while the owners were the fêted and lionized of that arctic camp. Then it passed into the hands of a buyer of gold-dust, and by this time, perchance, it adorns some jeweler's window in Seattle. But the gleam of that golden mass will be reflected in those men's eyes for many a day—a yellow dream of the most pleasurable event in their adventurous lives.

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INDULGING a reminiscent mood, the New Whatcom (Wash.) *Blade* recently brought into powerful contrast the Washington of thirty years ago with the Washington of today. In 1870 the total valuation of all property within the present State boundaries was only \$13,562,164; today the grand total of taxed property is \$229,137,639, an increase of \$215,575,475 in three decades, or an average of \$7,185,849 for each year. Of the \$229,137,639, \$137,500,329 is taxed on land, \$34,568,982 is for improvements on land, \$36,507,245 is on personal property, and \$20,503,983 is assessed against the railways that traverse the State. In 1870 the Territory had a population of 23,955; today the State contains not fewer than 400,000 people—an average gain of nearly 13,000 a year. Thirty years ago there

was not such a thing as a bank in Washington Territory; today there are ninety-six of them, the vaults of which are filled with money taken from virgin soil or produced from mining, lumbering, and the fisheries' interests. In 1870 the railway mileage there was limited to 170 miles; today the State is spanned by great transcontinental lines and by other systems and branches which give to every town of consequence direct transportation facilities to all parts of the Union. Then Walla Walla, with its 1,394 inhabitants, was the most populous place in the Territory; now the State is represented by the three magnificent cities of Spokane, Seattle, and Tacoma, to say naught of such thrifty centers of wealth and population as Whatcom, Yakima, Walla Walla, Fairhaven, Everett, Olympia, Port Townsend, and a score of other towns that are famed for their rapid growth and substantial enterprise.

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GREAT as the State's progress has been in the past, however, it will only bear a relative comparison with the development which awaits it in the future. The initial growth of commonwealths is always slow. The period of expansion does not come until railways and powerful industrial enterprises have revealed and helped to develop latent resources—until settlement and population are invited by conditions which guarantee permanency of values and stability of law, order, and the other enginery of civilization. With all this accomplished, Washington may reasonably anticipate much more rapid progress than it has made in the past. It has many sources of wealth that are very alluring to the ambitious. In agriculture, fruit-growing and dairying, in mining and lumbering, and in the fish which enrich its streams, the State offers inducements of so varied and profitable a nature that new population is drawn to it irresistibly. There is no danger of overproduction. Coast trade with the Far East is already immense, yet it is only begun. The demand from China and Japan will more than equal the ability of the State to produce cereals, and the products of the great forests will find an ever increasing market in foreign countries as well as in our own land. Milling plants will multiply, and textile industries will be established, until from Puget Sound in the west to Spokane in the east, and from the Columbia on the south to British Columbia on the north, wheels and spindles shall be turning out the wealth that "buildeth fleets and cities and confirms power and influence."

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It does not require a financial head of unusual magnitude to fathom the eagerness with which capitalists are buying up the choice timber regions of the country. The recent purchase of a million acres of Northern Pacific pine lands by the Weyerhaeuser syndicate only emphasizes the fact that great value attaches to future holdings of such properties. This pine land, which lies along the Seattle and Northern branch of the N. P. system in Washington, between Anacortes and Hamilton, was sold for six dollars and fifty cents an acre, the total price paid amounting to \$6,500,000. Now the same syndicate is obtaining estimates on other timber tracts in the Coast State, and it is understood that these are but a few of the many large timber claims controlled by it. The rapid increase of population, and the certain decrease of our forest wealth, are causes which will lead naturally to higher prices for lath, lumber, shingles, and all timber products. Long-headed capitalists know this, and they are now as busily engaged in cornering the lumber market as they have been at other times in gaining control of copper-mines, oil-fields, and iron-ore lands.

WHAT TO WEAR IN THE YUKON.

There is such a diversity of advice respecting the most suitable clothing for the Alaskan climate, that it is difficult to arrive at the truth. One of the men who went to the Yukon from Oregon, tells the *Oregonian* of that State that what is wanted is "good, warm woolen clothes, and shoes for summer that will fit. Furs are of no use, as they are too warm. Except a good fur robe and cap, get no furs. Moccasins or seal-hide boots are worn in winter. Outside moccasins are best, and seal boots can be had for \$3 to \$4 a pair at St. Michaels. Leather boots and shoes cannot be worn in winter. Indian seal-hide water-boots are light, and cost no more than rubber boots.

"Plenty of fine-meshed mosquito-netting is necessary—black being the best. Also get one of the stiff wire nets. Leave your gun at home; the use you will have for it will not compensate you for the trouble in packing it. A "parky," or long, loose-hooded blouse, reaching to the knee, with the edges of the hood trimmed with long fur, is necessary in winter. The best material to use is a medium-weight, closely woven drilling. Get warm insoles for moccasins, made of sheepskin or plaited hay or grass. Get your dogs at St. Michaels or at villages along the Yukon. They can be had cheap in summer, but they are expensive and hard to get in winter.

"You will wear nearly the same amount of clothes in the Klondike that you do in Oregon on a cold day. Bring three or four extra ax-handles, as they break easily in winter. By bearing these few hints in mind, a prospector will save himself much annoyance."

GETTING OUT OF DEBT.

The past few years have embraced a great period of liquidation, says the *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, Wash. With the improvement in business conditions an attempt has been made to satisfy old debts, and month after month they have been gradually wiped up. Mortgages have been lifted and real estate redeemed, personal notes have been taken up and business resumed free from the loads which bore people down a few years ago.

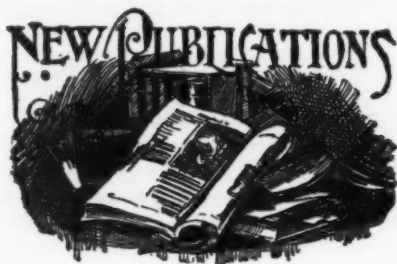
The daily filings in the auditor's office of Spokane County show how Spokane is prospering. In place of advertisements announcing the pendency of suits in mortgage foreclosure, the character of the instruments is exactly the opposite. Deeds and releases of mortgage are now being filed, and, instead of creditors foreclosing, debtors are paying.

This condition of affairs is noticeable in all parts of the State. In the farming districts especially, it has been a very promising omen. A few seasons of good crops have enabled many to clean up indebtedness imprudently incurred, and the result is that there is more hope, confidence, and contentment all through the agricultural districts. There is nothing which gives more real happiness than a desire to get out of debt, and an ability to do it.

MIDNIGHT.

The stars on the bosom of heaven are sleeping.
Dim burns the moon as it sinks in the west;
And longer and darker the shadows are creeping,
Midnight has come, and the world is at rest.

The pines and the firs murmur low in their dreaming,
Gently the wind rocks the bird in its nest,
And whispers, "Oh, sleep, soon the morn will be beaming;
Sleep, for 'tis night, and the time of thy rest."
Spearfish, S. D. MABEL CLAIRE LOUTHAN.



"The New Pacific," by Hubert Howe Bancroft, is one of the most remarkable books of recent years. In weaving a fitting fabric of the times, Mr. Bancroft has taken for his theme the very suitable and attractive one, the Pacific Ocean, and the late industrial development upon its shores and islands. Here is the largest of seas, full of history and romance, and rimmed with illimitable wealth and potentialities. Its great magnitude, and its peculiar position between the old and the new,—the old alien countries and civilizations of the East, and the rare intellectual and material unfoldings of the more powerful West, have held it up to this time isolate, cut off from the world on both sides, or rather never having been joined to either. It has remained thus far the border region of both worlds, the world of the Prophet and the Khans, and the world of Christian civilization.

But the days of Pacific isolation are past; the days of national exclusiveness are over. This great ocean, Mr. Bancroft says, is at last emerging from its primeval mists. In the evolution of things both great and small, the all-fructifying sun has smiled upon these waters, and behold in them new life and a new destiny! The American and Australian shores of the Pacific, so far at least as the Anglo-saxon race is concerned, are certain to become the seats of a higher culture than the world has ever witnessed. The future of the Latin race, with its New World intermixtures, it is more difficult to forecast. It seems to be making little or no advance, either in the Old World or in the New. Mr. Bancroft's new volume opens with a comparison of the present with the past. He points to lines of steamships and fleets of sail where a solitary ship at long intervals formerly appeared. He calls attention to the railway and telegraph lines, the birth and growth of towns and cities, and the over-spreading of settlements in regions not long since wholly unknown to the white man. He speaks of the closing events of the nineteenth century. The war with Spain was a necessity, and the results of that war mark a new era for the industrialism of the Pacific. The volume is exceedingly comprehensive, and the chapters read like those of a novel from beginning to end.—The Bancroft Company, New York.

In "Young April," by Egerton Castle, author of "The Pride of Jennico," is another book of romantic type that is sure to captivate lovers of stirring literature. It tells how plain Edward Warrender, an English lad of spirit, went to bed one night to awake in the morning as the Duke of Rochester, the demise of his titled uncle having suddenly elevated him to that pinnacle of human greatness. When this news came he was in his 21st year, with only a month to go before he should attain his majority; and up to this time he had been attended by Rev. Thomas Smiley as tutor and all-round guardian—a man whose character he detested and whose services he would gladly be rid of. Although it was his strict duty to return to England at once and assume charge of his new responsibilities, he determined to have a month of unrestricted freedom, and the story deals

with his adventures and experiences during these hurried days. The scene is one of the minor principalities of Europe, and into it is crowded, without confusion and shorn of all intricacy and mawkishness, a drama of mingled passion and mirth, laughter and tears, philosophy and chivalry, as changeable as youth itself. The chief characters are admirably drawn, and the plot and its movement are so full of life and action that the last page is read with regret.—The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

"Under Western Skies" is the title of a dainty little volume of poems by Frank Carleton Teck, of New Whatcom, Wash. Mr. Teck is altogether too modest. His verses should appear in a more ambitious form, and there should be more of them. His is a refined muse—discriminating, too, and the skilled editorial brain back of it gives graceful turn and finish to every thought and word that seeks utterance in song. One of the strongest yet sweetest poems in this small collection is "Communism," of which we quote the last stanza:

Oh, mourner, go thou to the ocean—
There is peace in its lonely roar,
For it sings the deep dirge of devotion,
Of grief that was borne before.
Its voice, like the sayings of sages,
The measure of time hath fled,
And its song is a child of the ages—
A soul-song from the dead.

The author is well known throughout the Northwest as one of its most capable and interesting writers, and he is far from being unknown in the higher literary circles of the land. In editing a daily and a weekly paper he doubtless finds little leisure for purely literary work, yet we could wish to see him so situated that his pen might oftener depict the happy imagery of his virile mind.—Blade Publishing Company, New Whatcom, Wash. Price, 50 cents.

"The Treasure Ship," by Hezekiah Butterworth, the ninth of the series of the "Creators of Liberty" books by the same author, and beautifully printed and illustrated, contains the life and exploits of Sir William Phipps, from his boyhood on the Maine coast of New England to all the stirring adventures and achievements of his manhood. It is a peculiarly valuable and interesting book for young folks, inasmuch as there runs through all the fiction a substratum of historical truth. In its pages are many notable incidents of our early colonial existence, the dates and events being given faithfully. We heartily commend this entire series to those who have at heart the selection of the most wholesome and beneficial works for the younger members of family circles. Their romance, and all the deductions therefrom, are moral, intellectual, and healthful.—D. Appleton and Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

A valuable addition to the scientific literature of the Northwest is Professor Conway MacMillan's work on "Minnesota Plant Life." The professor is a member of the faculty of the State University, and what he has done is scholarly throughout. There are 568 pages in the book. Aside from the many pages of clear discussion and plain description of plants, are hundreds of beautiful half-tone illustrations not only of Minnesota plant life but of their favorite haunts. Everything is described, from our forest trees to the lowliest weed that grows by the wayside or fills with annoyance the heart of the thrifty gardener. It is the plant world of the North Star State that one sees—a world that is full of fascination and profit if one will only enter it and study it. Carefully

indexed, superbly printed, and perfectly adapted for use in our public schools and among all who care to pursue so interesting a theme, the book is indeed a timely and valuable addition to our State literature.

One of the strong novels of the year was recently published by The Macmillan Company under the title of "Miranda of the Balcony," by A. E. W. Mason. It is the story of an Englishwoman whose husband's villainy forced him from the army, led him into smuggling operations, and culminated in his captivity as a slave among the Moors. His wife having met a noble-hearted man named Charnock, at a mutual friends, a spontaneous respect followed about which is woven the after threads of the narrative. These deal with very charming phases of motherly love and manly fortitude, and of pure devotion and romantic achievement, and the whole is written in so plastic a style that the reader is smiling and serious by turns. Charnock is one of the most interesting characters we have studied for many a day, though there is not a dull personality in the book.—The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

It calls for a mind of fine mental and literary poise to produce a book like "They that Walk in Darkness—Ghetto Tragedies," by I. Zangwill, author of "Children of the Ghetto," "The King of Schnorrers," etc. It is a compilation of short stories on Jewish life in large cities. Through every story runs a vein of tragedy—over every tale hangs a cloud, yet so delicately traced are the sorrows, so beautiful are the pictures that are drawn of love, duty, and devotion, and so gently sparkling are the witticisms that creep into the lines, that morbidity is deftly avoided and only sweet sympathy remains. Each story is remarkable for devotional traits—of the human heart as well as of religion. No language could be choicer, none more refining, than that used by the author in these bitter-sweet tragedies.—The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

When Hamlin Garland wrote "Boy Life on the Prairie," he wrote a book which will give him a fixed place in the affections of American girls and boys. No matter in what State these young readers may live, they will turn the leaves of "Boy Life on the Prairie" with absorbing interest, and wish the author would pen for them other tales of the same order. All the work and fun, and all the hope and adventure of healthy youth turned loose on the broad and character-forming prairies of the Great West, is told within these pages in so attractive a manner that it is difficult to lay the book aside. While it is especially adapted to holiday needs, it is good reading the year round and will certainly be in strong demand.—The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

RENTS AND BOARD IN THE KLONDIKE.—The hotels in Dawson City, in the Yukon Country, have electric lights and other conveniences, and average \$100 a month each for rooms. Board at restaurants and other places costs \$100 to \$150 a month, but good board can be obtained at the clubs and messes at \$75 a month. Several new hotels and other buildings have been erected. They are two to three stories high, the upper floors being devoted to offices and lodging-rooms.

SOO CANAL BUSINESS.—During the month of June, 1899, the "Soo" Canal passed total net east-bound freight amounting to 2,916,015 tons, and west-bound freight amounting to 585,003 tons, a total of 3,501,18 tons. The number of vessels through the canal during the month was 2,868.

ICE LOGGING-ROADS IN MINNESOTA.

"We are getting along fairly well in the woods by making ice roads," said Senator Buckman the other day, "but we would really like snow, just as a sort of guaranty that we are going to have some winter."

The senator is cutting something like 40,000-000 feet of logs in the Swan River District in Minnesota this winter. He has upwards of 800 men at work in his camps. Inasmuch as his operations involve an expenditure of about \$1,500 a day, it may readily be seen that the question of the weather from day to day is one in which he has more than a passing interest.

"In the twelve camps where my men are now at work," continued the senator, "I am using about 100 horses in hauling water day and night to keep the roads in condition. The water is hauled in eighty-barrel tanks mounted on sleds, and an arrangement of pipes directs the flow of water in the front of the runners. Of course, there was a great deal of preparatory work required. The roads were laid out and graded up smooth in the fall, and wherever there was a brook or a pond convenient to the roads, a pool was dug so that the water might be loaded by the barrel. A tank will be run up to one of these pools, and an incline arranged so that a barrel rigged like a huge bucket may be raised and lowered into the water, the lead team of horses furnishing the power. In this way it doesn't take long to fill a tank.

"As the ice forms, the road is gradually raised, and we have a rut-cutting machine which cuts out the ice where the runners of the log-sleds run, and throws it out at the sides. The roads do not average more than four miles in length to the landing places, and we have been able to keep them in good condition; but a few warm days would knock things out badly.

"It is astonishing to one not accustomed to such things, how much a team can haul over these roads. A thousand feet of log weighs, roughly, about three tons. I had a letter the other day stating that they were now averaging about five thousand to the load, which means fifteen tons, but they expect to do better. I was talking with a lumberman on the train recently, who told me that in some of the camps they had adopted a system known as tralling, hitching three sleds one behind the other, and were pulling them all with the same horse-power, loaded with eight thousand feet each. This means twenty-four thousand feet, or seventy-two tons to the trip.

"I remember an instance two or three years ago, when Judge Collins was visiting in one of my camps, when twenty thousand feet, or sixty tons, was loaded on one sled. They tell a story of a man who was hauling with two of his own teams and three hired teams. One morning when they came out to hitch on to the five loaded sleds, the drivers of the hired teams struck for higher wages and refused to make the trip to the landing. One of the other drivers suggested that one of the extra sleds be hitched on behind the one with which he started, and the horses pulled it off without any trouble. Then the other driver said he would try the three remaining loads, and he got away with them without any difficulty. The hired teams were allowed to go, and the work was continued with the owner's two teams.

"The logs are loaded on sleds with a 'bunk' or bed fourteen feet wide, and are piled up as high in the air. They are secured by chains around the whole mass. The outside bottom log on one side is fastened to the sled with a short chain at each corner, which goes around the

logs and is caught with a 'grab-hook.' When the landing is reached, these hooks are knocked out with an ax, and this brings down the whole pile.

"Labor is higher than usual this winter, and it will be a good season for the lumbermen if the weather holds right. Common labor is getting about \$26 a month, which is from ten to five per cent higher than the prevailing rate for a number of years."

A MYSTERIOUS SUBTERRANEAN LAKE.

The finding of a subterranean lake near Victoria, B. C., and nearly in the heart of Mount Skirt, was an interesting discovery made a few days ago. The mountain mentioned is a comparatively small one, the Vancouver (B. C.) *World* says, although it rises about 1,100 feet above the level of the sea.

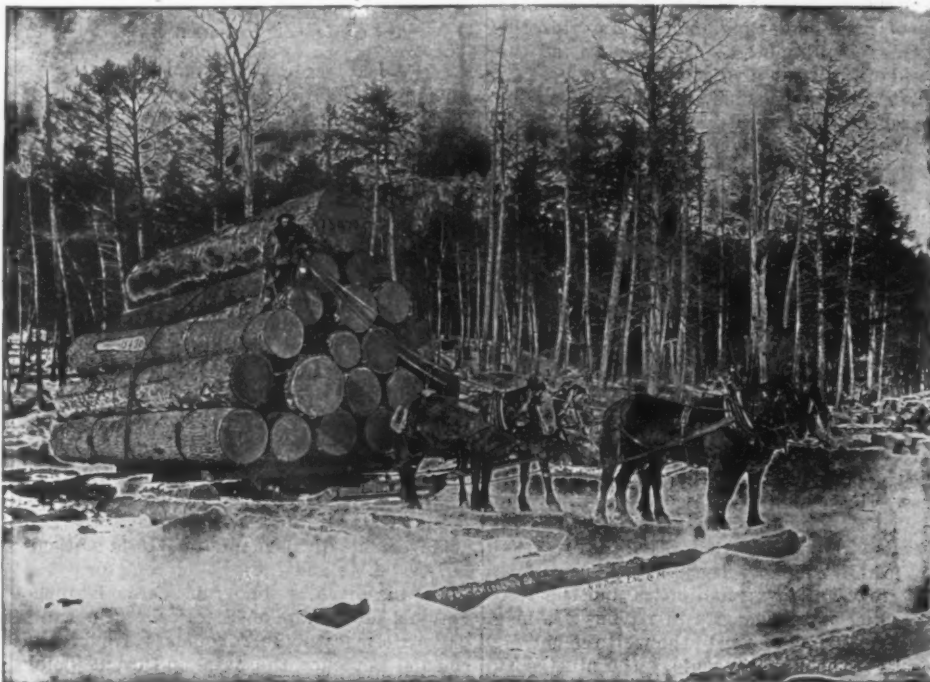
It is the scene of a number of gold properties, all of which promise very well, but none of which is as yet a shipping proposition. The discovery was made on the 19th of September, but the miners interested kept the facts secret until they had secured all the properties that were likely to be effected by the find. The

been consumed, leaving all the quartz behind; so that, according to their idea, the process of smelting has already gone on to some extent in the ore of the mountain, which makes it all the more valuable.

WHOLESALE SALMON-FISHING.

One of the most ingenious machines for catching fish in use on the Columbia River is the fish-wheel. Three great scoop-nets, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, revolve on an axle hung out from the rear of a scow anchored near the shore. When the wheel revolves, each net as it rises from the water dumps its catch into a slanting trough attached to the axle, and from there the fish slide into another trough, which conveys them into the scow.

The swift current propels the wheel, which is set with the open side of the net downstream, and the fish swim into it, so that the river and the fish themselves do all the work, the fisherman's only task being to convey the fish from the scow to the cannery. A story which would carry sorrow to the souls of the imaginative fishermen of Pike County, Pa., is told of the owner of a fish-wheel near The



HAULING LOGS ON ICE ROADS IN THE SWAN RIVER DISTRICT, MINNESOTA.

party consisted of two brothers, Chris and P. H. Peterson, and W. West, all of Victoria.

On the forenoon of the day mentioned, the men were exploiting the mountain with the hope of coming across a ledge of sufficient value to stake upon. They found some very good ore, and they saw in the ledge a natural shaft that looked large enough for a man to enter. They went in and found that it led still deeper, and returning a few minutes later with candles, they found that the passage opened into a large chamber. They stood on a narrow, shelving platform of quartz, while, stretching away as far as the beams of the candle would extend, lay a lake the waters of which proved to be of icy temperature. An attempt was made to procure soundings, but they failed entirely to find any bottom to the water in the inner-mountain gorge.

Seven or eight feet above their heads was a roof of blackened quartz, which makes the discoverers think that at some former time the rock must have been burned, the lime having

Dalles, Oregon, who fell asleep during a lull in the run of salmon one afternoon, and left his fish-wheel running. When he awoke, his scow was sinking under the weight of the fish which had caught themselves during his slumbers, and he was compelled to swim for shore.

Ingenious fishermen have taken advantage of the rugged cliffs that border the river at some points, and have erected great wheels on stationary anchorages, with tramways leading direct to their canneries, and the industry of catching, canning, and shipping salmon is carried on by them with all the system and accuracy of a manufacturing business. When salmon are caught on a scow-wheel, they have often to be carried a considerable distance to the cannery. Squaws are in demand for this work, as they carry loads over the rocks that would be impossible to a white man. The squaw carries a large bag on her back, which she holds open with one hand while she tosses in the fish with the other. She hooks her fingers in the fish's gills, and throws it with a quick jerk over her shoulder into the bag.

A LUXURIOUS ST. PAUL RESORT.

The city of St. Paul has a number of fine all-round cafes, but it has remained for Messrs. Spencer & Hartmann, proprietors of the new "Acme" at 381-3-5 Robert Street, to give to the Northwest the most fashionable and most elaborately decorated and equipped lunch-room and confection and ice-cream parlors it has ever known.

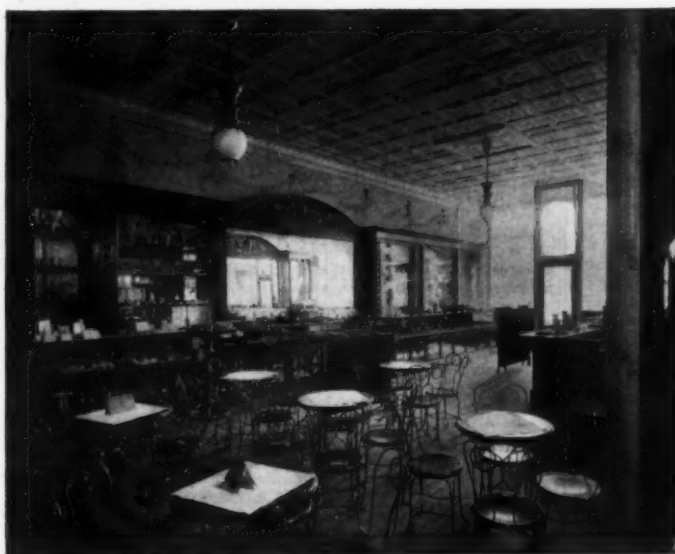
There is a double entrance. One of these leads into the spacious lunch-room, where 200 persons can be comfortably seated at one time. Aside from the artistic decorations, which will be referred to later, are twenty-one large French-plate panel mirrors, set in the walls on either side, and reflecting scores of electric and gas lights in the brilliant hours of the evening. All the illuminating fixtures are of antique brass, and every accessory has been selected with such exquisite taste that the general effect is altogether harmonious. The handsome tables, the snowy linen, the pretty service, add to the scene and stamp it as indeed the "acme" of perfection. Glance at the menu, and you will see that nearly everything is served except meats. Whatever constitutes an elegant luncheon, whether of a formal or informal nature, can be had at the Acme at very reasonable prices.

The other entrance takes one into the superbly appointed confectionery, ice-cream and soda-water parlors on the other side of the establishment, the two rooms being connected, however, so that either may be entered from the other. The first objects to attract attention are three massive and truly immense mirrors, of the costliest make and design. The largest is six feet in height by twelve feet in length, the other two are of the same height, and ten feet long. It is here that one finds every possible variety of choice confections, fancy bakery goods, appetizing creams, a full line of charlotte russe dainties, paper laces, frills, etc. In the front of the parlor, on one side, is an elaborate soda-water buffet, the most complete in the Twin Cities—the hot soda-water fountain being the only one of the kind in this section. All sorts of delicious hot and cold beverages are served neatly and quickly, and so quietly that no one takes any note of the operation.

Special attention should be given to the woodwork on this side, all of which was furnished by Wm. Yungbauer, the wood-carver and cabinet-maker whose place of business is at 242-244 West Third Street. The beautiful cases, the unique counters, the various cabinets, were all made and designed by him. They are in the Italian Renaissance style, thus giving to the room a purely classical effect that is most alluring to the senses. The upright cases are provided with disappearing doors, and their bases,



THE ACME'S SUPERB LUNCHEON PARLOR, ST. PAUL



WHERE CONFECTIONS, ICE-CREAM, AND SODA WATER ARE SERVED AT THE ACME.



IN THE ACME'S UP-TO-DATE BAKERY.

made of plate-glass, are fitted with numerous electric-lights, which, gleaming from within, make a lovely spectacle at the close of day. Mr. Yungbauer, who is noted for his reproduction of colonial and antique furnishings in pure style, is to be especially congratulated on the happy and harmonious effects produced by him in this establishment. His work shows him to be a master of every detail of his critical calling—which is fully as artistic, in its true sense, as that of the brush and the palette.

The decorative work proper—the walls, the ceiling, the panels, etc., is the handiwork of Prof. Frederick de Giovanni, whose studio is at rooms 218-221 Washburn Building, St. Paul. It is all in tapestry painting—consisting of one hundred feet of charming frieze work, forty-five inches high and of original design, with seventeen winged cupids holding garlands of flowers in various graceful poses. The mural panels are in tapestry, too, and they are painted with exquisite taste as regards both drawing and color. Some of them are original, some are copies of classic examples. The two large panels in the windows, 50x90 inches in dimensions, are copies of "The Pride of the Harem" and "The Sheikh's Daughter," two famous works with which nearly everyone is familiar.

In the confectionery parlor the following subjects have been treated—"Summer," "Spring," "The Flower Girl of Pompey," "Helen of Troy," and "Love's Awakening." The harmony of the colors with the garnet plush frames and the gold beading is very striking, and, all in all, the professor's work in the Acme parlors is worthy of careful study and most sincere praise. He conducts an art school in which instructions are given in oil, water-colors, pastel, and tapestry work. Special attention is also paid by him to high-class decorative work for interiors of fine business establishments, offices, and residences. In his classes are more than thirty pupils, all of whom are making rapid progress. A pupil can learn from the beginning, if he desires, or entertain himself—or herself, as the case may be, in trying a panel in tapestry for home decoration. In this case his method enables them to finish a large panel, say 40x72, in twelve to twenty lessons, according to the subject, thus giving to pupils a work of art worth fifty or a hundred dollars for a very small outlay. All the professor's work possesses great artistic merit, as anyone can see who visits The Acme, the most elaborately decorated resort for ladies and gentlemen in this part of the country.



Fifteen thousand acres of wild land have been sold to actual settlers in Barron County during the past few weeks, and the influx of new settlers is increasing daily. It is now believed that the county will show a population of 28,000 by next June.

State Factory Inspector R. E. Bradford has completed his inspection of the factories, schools, industries, and buildings of Superior, and says that there are from 8,000 to 10,000 men now employed in the industries there.

La Crosse proposes to build a pearl-button factory to utilize the fresh-water clams which are found in large quantities in the Mississippi and in other streams in that vicinity. Near Dubuque, and also in Muscatine, Iowa, are large pearl-button plants which have built up a prosperous business.

It is estimated that twenty-two million feet of lumber will be shipped from Marinette by rail during the winter. This is a much larger amount than has ever been railed out during any previous winter, and, with what goes the same way from the Menominee mills, will make the two cities more of a winter market than ever before.

The annual report of Deputy Port Collector Thomas B. Mills for the sub-port of Superior for the year 1899, shows that the number of arrivals and clearances during the last year was 2,981, the tonnage of the vessels arriving and clearing was 4,583,006, the total receipts and shipments, in tons, was 4,837,812, and the total value of receipts and shipments was \$82,275,323. These figures will rank Superior with the first ten shipping ports of the United States.

The Rand & Laffin powder mills at Pleasant Prairie have started up. For more than a year the mills have been under construction. Today the plant is one of the largest in the United States. It consists of sixty-five buildings, covering several hundred acres of land. Many of the officials of the company came from the East to the opening. The mills will begin the manufacture of powder the first of the new year. All the machinery will be tested and put into good running order during the next few days.

The Wisconsin Valley Improvement Association was duly organized at Tomahawk recently. It is the purpose of the association to attract settlers to that part of the State, where there is a large amount of good farming land. Much of this was formerly timber land, and is capable of supporting a large population of farmers. It is not the idea of the association to start a boom, but to induce steady, solid growth by presenting in their most attractive form the many advantages which the valley offers.

Minnesota.
The new town of Bemidji claims to have expended \$200,000 on improvements this year. A year ago there were only 500 people in the town; now there are that many school children.

This year's improvements at Austin are figured at \$160,000 by the Transcript, not including the \$20,000 electric-light plant just contracted for. The Transcript pronounces the prospect good for next year.

Official statements show that the State banks of Minnesota have increased their deposits fifty per cent in the last eighteen months, and their loans and discounts more than twenty-five per cent in the same time. In the last half year they have accumulated profits averaging nearly five per cent on their capital stock.

An iron man has figured out that the amount of Minnesota ore shipped from Two Harbors, Duluth, and Superior this year would cover an area of eighty-five acres forty feet deep. It represents about 330,000 carloads, and about 11,000 trains. Figuring the length of each car at forty feet, this would make a single train 2,500 miles long, requiring 11,000 locomotives to pull it.

Four million seven hundred thousand cubic yards is the amount of material removed from the Duluth-Superior harbor this season under the continuous-contract system for prosecuting dredging improvements. This is 521,000 cubic yards more than was removed in 1898, and brings the grand total of material removed

during the first three years of the continuous-contract system up to 10,000,000 cubic yards. Duluth now has a big harbor basin with twenty feet of water, affording a fine anchorage and room for boats to swing. The deepest-draft boats on the lakes can traverse the channels to all important receiving or shipping docks.

A hopeful sign of the times in and about Crookston and throughout Polk County, says the Crookston Times, is the increase in the demand for breeding stock in the pastures and cattle barns. This is the essence of prosperity for the agricultural portion of the community, and bespeaks a freedom from the heretofore engrossing thralldom of wheat-raising. Well-bred stock to use up the by-products of the farm, and to furnish ready money at other than harvest-time, will solve the problem of how to make farming pay; and those who have foreseen this fact and are ready to commence turning off stock now, are fortunate.

Minneapolis is not the only northern lumber-manufacturing center that can show an increase over the cut of 1898 of one hundred million feet. The Duluth-Superior mills have made a record-breaking cut during the season, and show a total of 430,000,000 feet as compared with 330,000,000 feet cut in 1898. However, this does not mean that the amount of stock on the docks at Duluth and Superior is greater than a year ago. On the contrary, it is estimated that the total stock on hand is only about 100,000,000 feet, which is 20,000,000 feet less than last year at the close of navigation. Of this, probably 80,000,000 feet is sold, and half of it will go forward by rail during the winter.—Mississippi Valley Lumberman.

North Dakota.

The recent statement of the First National Bank shows that it is doing more business than ever before in its history, and there is a gratifying increase since the publication of its last statement in September. The deposits at present are nearly \$340,000, while the cash on hand and in banks amount to \$162,000. The total assets are \$435,000.—Valley City (N. D.) Times Record.

The Fargo Call figures up a grand total of \$400,000 for this year's building operations in that busy burg, and inquires: "Who can blame the Twin Cities or any other old city for looking on Fargo with green-eyed jealousy." Don't believe the Twin Cities or any other old or young city in the Northwest looks upon Fargo's progress with any other sensations than those of pleasure and pride. There's lots of room for all these big, bustling centers of commerce and industry.—Improvement Bulletin.

Farmers in North Dakota are raising produce on cheap land, on acres worth from \$5 to \$25, and getting as good prices as Eastern farmers whose investment means at the rate of \$50 to \$75 an acre. It is not surprising that such an advantage means much to the North Dakota farmers. The Eastern tenant is the man who, paying cash rent, suffers. North Dakota farmers, with their advantage of markets, railroads, ease of cultivation and cheap land, ought to be much more prosperous than any other farmers in the Union.—Jamestown Alert.

After an examination of the State banks of North Dakota by the State examiner it is said that more actual cash is now to be found in these institutions than ever before. A great deal of money has gone on deposit this fall in the various banks of the State, mostly by farmers. Some of the banks in the smaller towns are carrying very large deposits in comparison to their capital stock and the population of their localities, and many of the 118 State banks are making very large dividends. On Jan. 1 the number of State banks was 125. This condition, the Jamestown (N. D.) Alert avers, shows that the farmers, who have the advantage of farming on North Dakota cheap lands, are getting on their feet; and while grain crops were light and the price low this year, the cheap land more than makes up for these temporary drawbacks. North Dakota ought to be the richest State in the Union per capita, owing to her vast area of low-priced agricultural lands, and to her stock and other wealth-producing products. No other State can compare with this in grain, flax, and stock-producing possibilities.

South Dakota.

The State inspector of mines has completed his report. It shows the output of gold in the Black Hills for the year 1899 to be \$9,131,436. This is an increase of \$2,000,000 over the output of the year before.

Capitalists in Aberdeen have opened a novel factory for the purpose of preparing potato products for the markets of this country. It is known as a despotia factory, and it is now running at its full capacity. Advance orders already on file will keep the factory busy for the next two months filling them. The company has already purchased about 25,000 bushels of potatoes, which it is expected will be used at this run.

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mention this magazine. A. MURRAY, Wadena, Minn.

SOFT EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

The product of the factory has something the appearance of vermicelli, only it is finer. This potato product is put up in paper cartons weighing something less than a pound each, and a dozen of these cartons represent about a bushel of potatoes. When operating at its full capacity, the factory will use up between 400 and 500 bushels of potatoes daily. It is believed that it will be of great benefit to Aberdeen in building up a new line of business at that point.

Nearly all the towns of the State report a large volume of improvements for the year just closed. General building has been very active in town and country alike. In farm regions new and better homes and barns are seen everywhere, which indicates not only thrift, but a permanency of ownership and an abiding faith in future prosperity.

One of the most gratifying evidences of the improved conditions throughout South Dakota over prior years is the rapidity with which farmers are purchasing adjoining tracts of land. During the boom in 1881 and the few years following, thousands of those who came to what is now South Dakota from the East had no knowledge whatever of farming, but nevertheless made entry of Government lands, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. Their efforts naturally did not meet with the success enjoyed by those who had all their lives been farming. As a result, thousands of quarter-sections of their agricultural lands passed into the possession of Eastern loan companies. Some of this land has been rented and made to produce crops during succeeding years up to the present, but the vast majority of it has remained idle, and the houses and other improvements made by the original owners have been permitted to go to ruin, and the land to revert to its natural state. Two years ago many of these vacant tracts were purchased by farmers owning land adjoining them. Not, however, until the present season did these purchases reach such proportions as to attract attention outside the immediate localities where the tracts were situated. Last fall hundreds of purchases of this character have been reported. In each instance the purchasers found that they had a good surplus of cash from the sale of crops and the shipment of cattle to market, and they therefore decided to increase the size of their farms. Hundreds of other heretofore vacant quarter-sections have also been purchased by new settlers. Thus thousands of acres of land which have remained idle for years will next year be cultivated and made to yield crops.

Montana.

The annual report of the State mining inspector, shows that 12,316 men are employed in the quartz- and coal-mines of Montana.

It is estimated that the sales of Montana cattle in Chicago last season will approximate 105,500, or about 30,000 less than a year ago.

The Hecla Consolidated Mining Company, of Glendale, paid on December 24 its 146th dividend. This makes a total of \$2,190,000 dividends paid by the company up to date.

The permanent school fund of the State received \$55,971.98 during the past year. December 1 there were \$309,461.95 in cash and securities credited to this fund. At that time there were \$69,851.12 in the school income fund.

Reliable statistics show that there were 6,000,000 pounds of wool marketed at Great Falls last season, probably 4,000,000 pounds at Billings, and 2,500,000 pounds at Big Timber, or more than one-half of the entire clip of the State at these markets.

Jefferson County's record for 1898 was: Gold, \$235,223.71; silver, \$1,340,624.52; total, \$1,566,848.23. This was an increase of \$419,745.89 over 1897. The Elkhorn mine was the largest producer, but was closed down about two months ago. The other producers were the Eva May, Gray Eagle, and Ruby. The owners of the Katie mine have completed a model concentrator and smelting-plant at Basin. This and the Hope mine are expected to make up for the loss caused by the closing of the Elkhorn. The Mayflower mine, erroneously credited to Madison County, is in Jefferson County. It is a very large producer, located near Whitehall, and owned by Senator W. A. Clark of Butte. This mine has produced as high as \$100,000 in gold a month.

The report of the Montana State Board of Sheep Commissioners shows that Montana still has first place among the wool-producing States of the Union. Montana produced 20,000,000 pounds of wool last year, the average price being about 16 cents per pound. The total value of wool produced in the State last year was \$3,200,000, while the value of lambs and mutton shipped makes the total yield about \$4,500,000. The report shows a total of 3,461,183 sheep in the State on March 1, 1899; that since March 1, 1899, 217,586 sheep

were brought into the State; that 1,092,972 lambs were dropped, and that 368,421 sheep and lambs were slaughtered or shipped out of the State since March 1. The report says: "The figures compiled by the State Board of Equalization for 1899 show a total of 3,186,742 sheep in the State valued at \$8,302,944, at an average assessment of \$2.60 per head."

Idaho.

General prospects in Idaho are brighter this year than they have been since the old placer-gold discoveries. The mining outlook is promising, but the agricultural future of the State is equally so. There is bound to be a great influx of population, both in towns and in farm regions.

Twenty-four miles from Weiser is the valuable silver-camp of Mineral, with a heavy sprinkling of copper in several of its ores. Immediately back of the camp is Iron Mountain, and on the East side of Iron Mountain, at the headwaters of Mann and Monroe creeks, is what is no doubt the source of the copper of Mineral. Mr. Wirt Campbell, who is in from Mineral, states that the deposit of copper on the east side of Iron Mountain has been known for a number of years, but there has never been a great deal done. Mr. Campbell made the original location—the Last Chance—years ago, but has only kept up the assessment work. With the advent of the P & I. N. Railroad, bringing with it the copper era for this county, the district is bound to be brought to the front. It lies on the great mineral belt which has brought forth Seven Devils and Ruthsburg, and which belt is certain to assume a position in this State similar to the great Oquirrh Range in Utah, with Mercur, Tintic, Ophir, and a dozen other camps. There are now nineteen locations, nearly all of which will be developed the coming season. The feature of the locality is a large iron dyke, 400 feet wide, between porphyry, cutting through the country. The copper ore occurs on each contact. The vein on the Last Chance is four feet wide and assays ten per cent copper.—Weiser (Id.) Signal.

Oregon.

Oregon's production of gold, cereals, hops, lumber, etc., last year was very satisfactory, but future years will see the State's resources multiplied greatly. There is sure to be a marked increase in fruit products. In the fisheries' output, in the lumber industry; and, while this is going on, there will be a corresponding growth in all lines of agriculture.

The Snake River Valley Railroad Company has been incorporated to operate fifteen branch lines in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. The Clearwater Valley Railroad Company has filed supplemental articles, showing an intention to operate ten branches along the Snake and Clearwater rivers. One of the branches is from a junction of the Snake and Clearwater to a point on the boundary between Idaho and Montana, with a branch through Camas Prairie and Mt. Idaho to the Buffalo Hump mining district.

J. N. Van Dorn has located a twenty-foot body of manganese iron ore within a mile of Sumpter. The rock is greatly decomposed on the surface, but tests show that it carries a large percentage of iron. Mr. Van Dorn has sunk ten feet on the vein and cross-cut, to show its extent. Samples have been sent the head offices of the Union Smelter Manufacturing Company in St. Louis, which contemplates the erection of a fifty-ton plant in this city, and if it is found to be useful as a flux, Mr. Van Dorn has a bonanza.—Sumpter (Ore.) Miner.

The sale of the Ibex mine, located twenty-one miles due west of Baker City, is authoritatively announced. The figure of the deal is \$250,000, according to the statement of the purchaser, Colonel S. W. Ray, of Port Arthur, Canada. The property has on it about 2,000 feet of underground development work, including tunnels, cross-cuts, and uprisings; and the free-milling ore, which averages over \$10 per ton, includes large bodies of ore which have assayed several times the general average value. A good force of men is doing development, and values have increased as depth is attained, which has also resulted almost invariably with every important gold property in Baker County.

Washington.

The Hawaiian Islands took more lumber from the Washington mills in November than any other foreign market. The shipments for that month were as follows: to Hawaiian Islands 4,937,455 feet, South America 1,830,225, Australia 2,048,248, and Mexico 1,065,544 feet.

It is reported that Gen. John M. Bacon of Vancouver is preparing to plant a large orchard of French walnuts. General Bacon now has a very fine prune orchard overlooking Lake Vancouver. The soil in that vicinity is very deep, wholly free from hard-pan, and

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lies over gravel. There is probably no place in the Northwest where more favorable conditions for walnut-growing can be found.

State Mine Inspector C. F. Owen estimates that Washington's coal output the past year to Dec. 31 will be over 2,000,000 tons, a twelve-per-cent increase over the 1898 output shown by reports received to Sep. 30, 1899. The product had a money value of at least \$5,000,000.

The financial showing made by the money institutions of Spokane is of a nature which can leave no doubt as to the solidity of the place. The deposits of the five banks are now nearly \$6,000,000, which is an increase of over \$2,000,000 during the past fifteen months. The undivided profits and surplus of the banks have increased over \$31,000 in the last two months. The banks hold \$470,000 of Government bonds.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

The Government has contracted for 1,000,000 feet of first-class Washington fir to be delivered in St. Paul as soon as it can be got out. The timber, it is understood, is to be used at various points along the Mississippi River for the construction of scows and dredge-boats to be used in Government work. It is the first time that an order of this kind has been placed in this State, and is significant that much more will be in demand as future needs of the Government require it.

Over 160,000,000 feet of lumber was shipped by rail from Washington in 1899, and 2,832,076,000 shingles. From Tacoma alone the Northern Pacific Railway Company hauled 7,998 carloads of lumber, and 10,458 cars of shingles; the Great Northern 2,415 cars of lumber, and 5,584 cars of shingles; and the Canadian Pacific 168 cars of lumber, and 1,438 carloads of shingles. The total carload shipments from the State was 10,228 cars of lumber, and 15,370 cars of shingles—25,598 carloads in all.

The revised estimated 1899 pack of Puget Sound salmon places the number of cases at 871,500, as against a total of 355,000 cases for 1898. The increase is larger than it would otherwise be, from the fact that no humpbacks were packed in 1898, as these fish run only every other year, while in 1899 245,400 cases were put up. But making a liberal allowance for the 1898 humpback business, it will be seen that the increase is still several hundred thousand cases. In the packing, sockeye salmon predominate. This branch alone reached 497,700 cases, as against 244,000, or more than double the product, last year.

Canadian Northwest.

In 1898 the Province of Manitoba exported 42,025 cattle, and 5,100 hogs. There were in the Province 227,097 cattle, 111,836 horses, 32,063 sheep, 60,648 hogs, and the value of the dairy products was \$490,455.

W. J. McLean, a former official of the Hudson Bay Company, who was reported lost in the far northern Slave Lake Country, where he had gone in search of minerals in the interest of Chicago parties, has reached Winnipeg in safety. He reports having discovered valuable copper ore in the Athabasca region, and says his party suffered no privations, owing to the abundance of game in the north.

The output of the twenty creameries in the Northwest Territories controlled by the Dominion department of agriculture, totaled for the season just closed over half a million pounds of butter. During 1897 there were sixteen creameries in operation, producing 473,900 pounds, of the value of \$85,204. In 1898, nineteen creameries were operated yielding 484,984 pounds, of value of \$93,740. Twenty creameries in operation in 1899 produced 501,824 pounds of butter, of a value of \$105,383.

The wheat crop of Manitoba for 1899 is 60,001,000 bushels, or double that for 1898. Last year's crop will also grade higher. Receipts thus far show as high as 80 per cent graded No. 1 hard, while the year before the total crop was a little over 30,000,000 bushels, and less than 50 per cent graded No. 1 hard. Ontario's wheat crop was 21,000,000 bushels last season, against 32,000,000 for 1898. It is estimated that Canada will have 50,000,000 bushels of wheat for export this year, of which more than half will be Manitoba wheat.

New Maps.

New Maps, size of each about 17x23, of Washington, North Dakota and Minnesota. Land Companies and Real Estate and Immigration Agents will find these maps very desirable for advertising purposes. Reading matter can be printed on the reverse side. For quotations on quantities from 1,000 to 100,000 address Poole Bros., Railway Printers & Publishers, 316 Dearborn St., Chicago.



A Sure Cure for Freckles.

The *Neihart* (Mont.) *Herald* says that a Great Falls lady of that State answered an advertisement of a New York firm the other day, offering, for twenty-five cents, to send a recipe for a sure cure of freckles. She sent her quarter, and this is what she got:

"Remove the freckles with a putty knife, soak them in salt water over night, then hang them up in a smokehouse, in a good strong smoke made of sawdust and slippery-elm bark, for about a week. Freckles thus treated never fail to be thoroughly cured."

Squelching an Editor's Bright Dream.

Editor Hassing, of the *Hamilton* (N. D.) *X-Rays*, was married a short time ago, and in the last issue of his paper appeared the following:

"We are wedded now, my darling," said the husband to his bride, "and henceforth we'll go together on life's journey side by side. We must bear each other's burdens, help each other when we can, and to make life happier, brighter, each must for the other plan. Let's begin this very morning—to start right is my desire,—just you get up now, my precious, and construct the kitchen fire." Sad, ah, sad his disappointment, courage oozed from every pore, when his sweet young wife responded, "Say, what do you take me for?"

A Washington Mule Tale.

While in Tacoma, says a writer in the *Spokane* (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review*, I went down on the bridge overlooking the railroad tracks and newly-made ground below the bluff, and gazed at 500 Government mules ready to be shipped to Manila. They were a sturdy lot of animals, and with their stamping, kicking, braying and tail switching made that part of Tacoma a lively scene.

"What do you think of it?" asked a Tacoma friend, who was with me.

"Quite a sight," I replied.

"You are not so much impressed with it, then, as Thad. Huston was," he observed.

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why, Thad. came down here the other day, and after a few minutes' inspection of those mules, remarked, 'That's a h—l of a place to hold a Democratic convention, isn't it?'"

Profit and Patriotism.

People who are a little cross-eyed often see comical things when straight-eyed people only see sober, sensible ones. For instance, states the *Tacoma* (Wash.) *West Coast Trade*, there is a lumberman on Puget Sound who helped celebrate the return of the Washington State troops. He was chock-full of patriotism, but his strabismic condition led his mind away from glory, the old flag, and such things.

The advertisements of the dry-goods merchants in the daily papers pleased him greatly. In one he read, in big letters:

"Welcome, Brave Preservers of the Flag, ladies petticoats reduced 25 per cent." In another:

"God Bless Our Boys! Ball's corsets only \$1.10. In another:

"Honored Sons of the Evergreen State, buy ladies' undervests today; will be higher tomorrow."

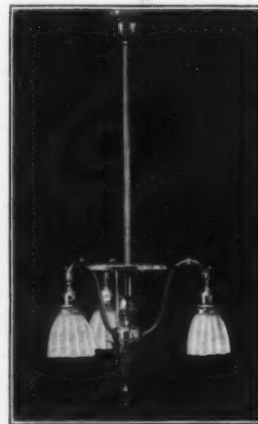
He said that it really seemed to him that profit and patriotism sometimes got sadly mixed



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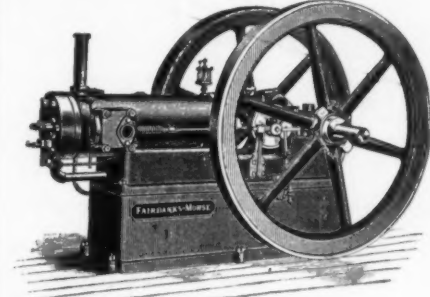
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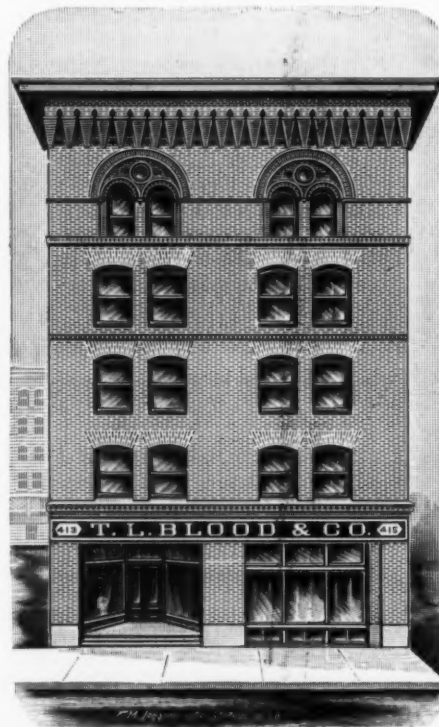
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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

IN THE BLACK HILLS.—The Rapid City (Black Hills S. D.) *Journal* says that within a radius of twenty miles of that town may be found every known formation from the Archæan to the Tertiary age, making it the finest spot on earth for the study of geology.

A MONSTER CHERRY-TREE.—Probably the biggest cherry-tree in the Northwest is on the old homestead of David Chambers east of Olympia, Wash. It was planted in 1849 by Mr. Chambers, who brought the twig over from Oregon. It spreads sixty feet across the top, and the trunk measures eight feet ten inches in circumference.

WHERE DUCKS ARE THICK.—The Cass Lake (Minn.) *Times* says that there are no other fields in the State where the duck-hunter can realize so readily on his capital as up there at Rice Lake, Long Lake, Cass River, and around the shores of Lake Winnibigoshish, where there are numerous rice-fields, and where the quackers built their nests last spring and reared their downy broods, now ready for oven or kettle.

NEWSPAPERS FOR ALASKA.—Cape Nome, Alaska, is going to have a newspaper as soon as the material to print it with can be transported there. It will be named the *Arctic Gold News*. The material was bought in Portland and shipped from there recently. The editor and publisher will be G. B. Swinehart, who publishes papers at Juneau, and recently at Dawson. The small plant that he took in over the trail to Dawson cost \$1,000 for freight alone, but in six weeks it had paid for itself and earned \$2,500 besides.

WHOLESALE DROWNING OF INDIANS.—Quite recently some twenty-five or thirty Indians, including men, women and children, were drowned in the Lake of The Clouds, near the Canadian Pacific Railway, in Alberta, Canada, while crossing to the reservation to attend a potlatch. They were traveling in boats rudely manufactured of caribou skins, when two long boats collided. Both were rendered useless, and the entire party was lost. The third boat, bearing the skins of deer, bear, etc., and manned by four Indians, reached the spot as the last survivor slipped from the capsized boats and disappeared into the glacier-fed waters of the lake.

A SHEEP'S STRANGE BROOD.—Newton Post, a farmer living within three miles of Franklin, Renville County, Minn., has in his possession three cunning little wolves not yet a month old which are thriving and growing remarkably fast on ewe's milk. They were captured several weeks ago, the farmer digging them out of the ground, where the mother wolf had left them before going out to forage for food. Not liking to destroy the little animals while so young, they were taken home, and given over to the care of a sheep that had lost her lambs. At first it was necessary to hold the ewe while her infant enemies were feeding, but in the course of time she became accustomed to the presence of her adopted children, and now allows them to draw on her abundance for sustenance. They so far display no disposition of the savage, but behave like well-bred puppies.



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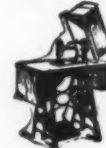
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JUD LA MOURE'S FRIGHT.

Manager Foley of the Clarendon Hotel, in this city, has been maintaining a tame rabbit at his hostelry which has had free access to the rooms whenever it found an open door, and has incidentally accomplished an incalculable lot of mischief. Jud La Moure, the North Dakota statesman, registered at the hotel recently, on one of his periodical visits to St. Paul, and, as luck would have it, the rabbit nearly succeeded in driving him out of the house.

It appears that Mr. La Moure retired one evening rather late, worn out with a hard day in politics, and slept soundly until about dawn. Then he awoke and saw two shining eyes staring at him from the foot of the bed. The statesman emitted a shriek, and dove for cover.

An investigation by the hotel employees discovered that the North Dakota man had left his door ajar, and the rabbit had seized the opportunity to make an investigation. Mr. La Moure said next morning, "I would have jumped through the window, only that the pesky thing was in the way."—*St. Paul Globe*.

TOO MUCH FOR HIS MONEY.

A capital story is told at the expense of a local barber. A few days ago a man that had been out in the woods for several weeks came into this barber's shop and settled himself in one of the luxurious chairs.

"Hair cut?" asked the barber.

"Yes," came the answer, and the barber proceeded to the job in hand.

"Shave?" was the next question.

"Yes," came the reply, and the barber had fifteen cents more to his credit in a few minutes.

"Shampoo?" The stereotyped reply was given, and the barber soon made another twenty-five cents.

"Tonic?" was the next query put to the easy customer, and he answered in the affirmative the same as before.

The tonic was properly applied, and while this part of the art was being manifested, the successful barber was trying to think of something else to sell his customer; so, when the tonic had been artistically applied, he asked:

"Singe?"

"Yes," again came the reply.

Here is where the disastrous part of it came in for both barber and customer. And right here is where the barber showed himself fully as bright as the druggist that left a kettle of alcohol over a gas fire back of the prescription-case while he went out in the front part of the store to wait on a customer.

The barber applied a lighted match to his little



EXPERIENCE A WISE TEACHER.

Bessie—"G'amma, I wants some water to kissen my doll."

Grandma—"No, no, dear; 't would be wrong for you to christen it."

Bessie—"Well, den, I wants some wax to waxinate er; she's old 'nough to have somethin' done to her."

wax taper, and then applied the lighted taper to his customer's hair.

The next instant the customer's head was in flames. The tonic that had been applied was almost clear alcohol. The blaze was extinguished before the man's skull had been burned very deeply, but not until he was bald-headed.

Oh, the wrath of the man! The barber trembled. He could not apologize. The irate customer went forthwith to the office of a lawyer, and told his tale of woe.

"Sue him, sue him," was the lawyer's advice.

"I'll do it," said the man. "You go right down and see him about it."

The attorney visited the barber, and talked the matter over. The result was that he settled with the barber for a \$10 bill, and now the barber is busy trying to get even on some one else.—*Duluth (Minn.) News Tribune*.

HE GRINNED IRONICALLY.

"I say," said a friend, the other day, "you are an old hand at it. I have only just got married, and don't understand much about the business. I should like to know whether a married man has any rights left when he takes unto himself a wife?"

"Rights? Yes, lots. He has a right to pay all the bills."

"Stop! I mean this. Let me give you an instance. Every box, every chest of drawers and portmanteau, and, in fact, every available receptacle of every description is full of my wife's property, and when I want to put away a few cuffs and collars—"

"Hold hard. I know what you mean, young man. If your bedroom were 200 yards long, lined from the floor to the ceiling with shelves, and you wanted a place to stow away a couple of shirts, you couldn't find a nook that wasn't full of hair-pins, scent-bottles, odd gloves, pieces of ribbon, old feathers, artificial flowers, little bits of tape, buttons galore, with pins and needles thrown in; so just accept the inevitable. Wrap your personal property in an old newspaper parcel, and hide it under the bed."

He grinned ironically, but passed on a sadder and wiser man.

ONE EXPERIENCE ENOUGH.

Charles A. Dean, president of the Sound Lumber Company, the Seattle (Wash.) *Pacific Lumber Trade Journal* says, was an interested spectator when Ringling Brothers' circus gave its parade here not long ago, but when the official signaler shouted to drivers to look out for their horses, that the elephants were coming along, Mr. Dean shinned up a seventy-five-foot telephone-pole and perched on a cross-arm until the great beasts passed from view.

"Those fellows are all right, but I have not lost any of them," said he as he slid to the ground again and caught a car for home.

Few people know that Mr. Dean once had an experience with one of the homely, flap-eared, rubber-backed beasts that would have startled even Hercules himself. This is the story:

A few years ago, when McMahon's circus was here, the biggest elephant in the bunch went on a rampage and ran away from his keepers. He was free for two hours, and was finally caught in Dean's yard near Lake Union. It was Sunday morning, and Dean had just read a chapter from a small book with a large yellow cover. He had taken up the book again to read further, when suddenly a shadow passed across the window, and the whole room was darkened. Mr. Dean glanced up, and there, not eighteen inches from his nose, stood the biggest elephant that ever happened, flapping his tremendous ears and blinking his wicked eyes. Dean, believing that his day of reckoning had come, gave a Comanche yell and tumbled over backwards into the middle of the room, where he lay for a second, and yelled some more.

The noise angered the elephant, and he reached in with his trunk, seized the upturned chair, and swung it gracefully through the window over his back and into the yard. Then he reached in again for the parlor stove, but Mr. Dean saw no more. He scrambled to his feet, and, rushing from the house, tore down the road, a cyclone of coat-tails, flying hair, and a kinetoscope of No. 9 feet.

At the next corner he was met by a gang of circus people coming along on the run, all armed with pikes. They cornered the elephant, and finally led him away; but not without some difficulty, for the brute insisted on pushing his way through the window, side of the house, and all into the room where more furniture was in evidence.

Mr. Dean was nervous for thirty days, and went to church regularly for three months, but it was no use. The shock was so great that his nerves became permanently shattered to such a degree that he could not collect his thoughts. He was left in such a deplorable condition, both mentally and physically, that it became necessary for him to engage in the shingle business in order to make a living.



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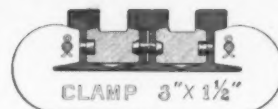
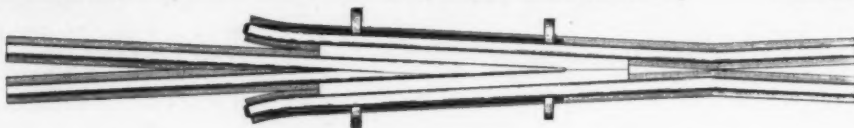


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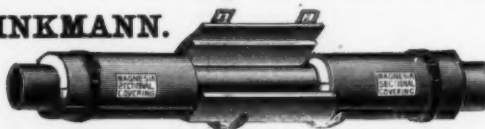
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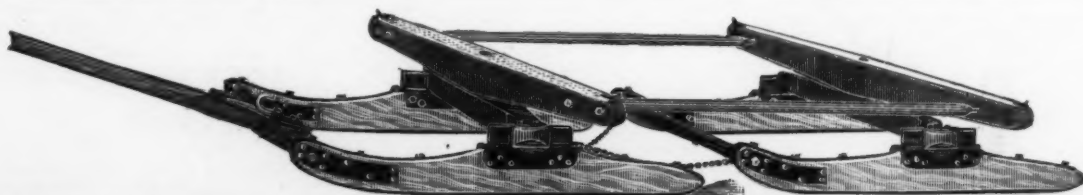
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Wife—"I don't see how you can uphold horse-races." He—"Why, they make many a bad man a better."

"Pa," said the small boy, his eyes looking longingly the new mechanical top, "you've showed me how to work it now for an hour; let me try."

Milly—"Doesn't your mother ever give you anything when you're good?"

Tilly—"No; but she don't forget to give me something we'n I ain't."

"Niver say a word whin ye foind yer gettin angry," said Mr. Dolan. "Remember silence is golden."

"It's the good rule," answered Mr. Rafferty. "Waste no words; smash 'im."

The kick of a mule
Will make you wince.
One kicked dad;—
Hain't seen him since!

Tell about yoh fiddle an' yoh banjo an' yoh hahp. An' yoh baby-gran' piano playin' flat an' playin' shahp. When de bird is on de table an' de dinner's under way, De drumstick is de instrument dat I prefers to play.

Cholly—"Smahleigh's a beastly 'sahcawstic fellah." Gussie—"So?"

Cholly—"Yaas; he was in the elevatah today, and when I got in, too, he took his hat off, b'Jove."

Pearl—"What is Irene doing with that crayon and paper?"

Susie—"I think she is drawing her grandfather."

Pearl—"H'm! Tracing her ancestors, I suppose."

Master—"Name some of the most important things existing today which were unknown one hundred years ago."

Tommy—"You and me."

Physician—"Why don't you settle that account I have against you? You said when I was treating you that you could never repay me for my efforts."

Mr. Broke—"I meant it, doctor."

Stern Father—"So you want to marry my daughter, do you?"

Young Man (nervously)—"Yes, sir."

Stern Father—"Thanks. Have a cigar."

"No man with any sense at all would approve of your actions," said the angry husband.

"But, my dear," calmly inquired his better half, "how do you know what a man with better sense would do?"

"You—hie—you ain't sho many," said Mr. Bounce, as he wobbled into the hall.

"No?" said his wife, as she pulled him out of his overcoat.

"No! Ain't more'n two of you t'night; ushually shree."

A Yankee woman married a Chinese laundryman, and three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying in explanation:

"Too muchee Yank."

Hostess—"I beg your pardon, sir, but your name has slipped my mind for the moment."

Guest—"My name is Eals."

"So it is. No wonder it slipped my mind. Mr. Eals, this is my friend, Mr. Pike."

Stranger—"I don't suppose you know a man living in this town by the name of Spoopendyke?"

Resident—"Oh, you don't suppose I do, don't you? Say, how much do you get going round telling folks how much you suppose they don't know?"

O'Rafferty—"Twas a sad blow thot befell Cassidy. Did ye not hear?"

McGinnis—"Sorrah th' word av ut."

"Sure, he's dead. Sthru'k be lightnin', he was."

"O my! O my! But I am not surprised. Faith, he had a sickly look the lasht toime I seen him."

"It takes some time fur folks to be appreciated," said Mrs. Grimkin. "There ain't any doubt in my mind that Joslar is a very gifted young man."

"Yes," answered her husband, "bout everything he has had so fur in life has been given to him."

Proprietor (to editor)—"Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but there is one thing I don't like."

"What?"

"Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'"

Hodge (after spelling through paper)—"What's an Afrigander, missus?"

Missus—"Why, the husband of an Afrigoose, o' course."

Hodge—"And what's an Afrigoose?"

Missus—"Why, a hostrich, o' course."

Lady—"Well, what are you willing to do for that dinner?"

Sandy Sikes—"Allow me to make a propysition, mum. Yeh fill yer husband's meerscham wld imported fine cut, an' den I'll rid yer wardrobes of moths by blowin' smoke through de keyholes."

"I observe," says Mrs. Cornrow, "that the famous Italian tenor, Signior Spaghetti Abalony, has been lost on the high sea."

"Tain't the fust time, I reckon," returned Farmer Cornrow. "I've seed ten or a dozen more in the same fix—an' there air others that don't git so high ez that, even."

"Look here, Ephriam, whar yo' gwine in sech a rig as dat?"

"To a masked ball, 'Linda. Ah's supposed to be Uncle Sam."

"Yo' doan say! Wal, come back heah, man, an' rock dese twins. Reckon if yo' am Uncle Sam it's yo' place to take keah ob our new possessions. Reckon Ah'll dress up an' go to dat ball as Miss O'lumbia."



AN INDISCREET REPLY.

She—"I don't understand how you men can go out every night."

He—"Oh, that's easy. But I'll admit it puzzles me sometimes to know how I am going to get in."

"When we were married," sobbed the young wife, "he said he loved me with a love more enduring than the everlasting granite!"

"And it didn't last?" queried the sympathizing friend.

"Last!" echoed the young wife, drying her tears. "It didn't last as long as a cedar-block pavement?"

Mr. Feltzer—"A debating club has decided that woman is not man's equal."

Mrs. Feltzer—"Well, what of it?"

Mr. Feltzer—"I merely thought I'd tell you, for fear you might be worrying over the subject."

And then he dodged a culinary utensil, and fled the room.

Fudd—"Something seems to be troubling McVener."

Dudd—"Yes; he answered an advertisement which offered to send to all who enclosed twenty-five cents a receipt by the use of which they would get rid of their superfluous flesh without the taking of drugs. He sent the twenty-five cents, and this is the answer he got:

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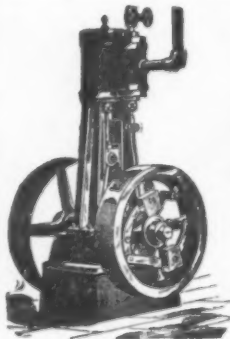
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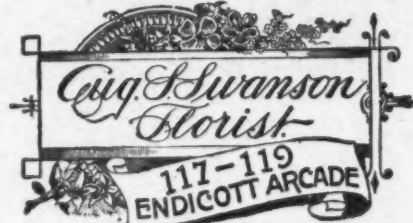
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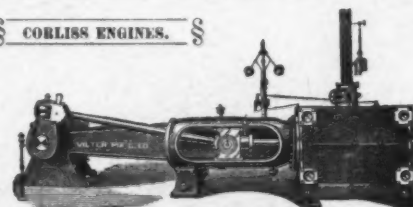
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